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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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A Life that Lifted.

AN EASTER STORY.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lily Cooper.

IT was about the Eastertide. The clear sunlight shone far over the stretches of prairie, awakening the flowers to new life and verdure, and filling the air with their sweetness. Its cheering influence was felt in the little town of Burnside, too; as the birds, flitting from branch to branch, lavished their dulcet music everywhere. Within one curtained window their melody fell on the ear of a tired invalid, and seemed to rival the sunshine in its efforts to bring new life to her as it played lovingly among her graying tresses. She put out her hand to feel the heat of the sun—how thin it was, and white. For seven years she had lain there—in a room which loving hands had made beautiful for her. On the wall before her

was the face of the Christ, seeming to ease her pain by the tenderness of its sympathy. Within reach of her hands was a table where flowers every morning were placed; and beside the bed was a little rocker, inviting one to rest. And, to complete the picture, was the face of the woman herself, which years of pain had wrought into a beauty almost spiritual. The hair was piled above a high forehead, the eyes were luminous, the mouth was sweet and tender, and gave evidence of suffering patiently borne; the whole face was strong and good and winning. For pain and prayer, God's sculptors had chiselled Alice Bateson's face, and refined her soul, and quickened her sympathies and perceptions.

"Aren't these beauties, Aunt Alice?" said her niece, Ruth Bateson, coming to the bedside, and laying a bunch of fresh, dewy pansies against the invalid's face.

"A substitute for May flowers," said Miss Bateson, smiling.

At that moment Mr. Bateson, Ruth's father, entered the room. He was the one lawyer in Burnside, and resided in the suburbs with his invalid sister and his daughter, a slim, fair girl of twenty. He was tall and commanding in appearance, keen of intellect and large of heart—"My ideal of a man," Ruth often said. And once when she had said, "My Boaz must be just like you, father," he turned, and, laying his hand on her head, said, "Image of my dead love, if your Boaz be worthy of you, he can ask no higher praise." And Ruth, strangely quietened, slipped away, and kneeling by her own white bed, said, "I pray Thee, Father, if for me there be a Boaz, keep him pure and manly, and free from dissipation."

Oh, ring and swing, sweet Easter bells, in all your towers high!
Outpour your music to the earth, unlift it to the sky;
Send out its sound, the wide world round, till near or far away,
The answering echoes sweet rebound, "The Lord is risen to-day!"

It was Sunday morning in church and Ruth Bateson was singing the Easter anthem. In the solemn hush that succeeded the beautiful music the pastor

rose. In simple words he told them of the risen Christ, and then with earnest sympathy he concluded—

"And now what message does Easter bring you? Have your ideals faded, and are you living amid dead hopes and buried ambitions? If so, take this one word from me—make Christ your Ideal, and, following Him, your ambition, and, then for you will Christ be risen in deed."

One young stranger present listened and gave heed. It was Alex. Thurston, who had come from his home in Winnipeg to be Mr. Bateson's clerk. Ruth had noticed his earnest face in church, and later, when, dinner over, he sat in Miss Bateson's room, she observed him more closely. He was of tall and manly bearing, with hair and eyes that were dark, and a face intellectual and clever. Handsome, undoubtedly, and attractive in appearance.

"Your father and Ruth's father were friends and college chums," said Miss Bateson. "Tell me of him, and your mother, and what you have been doing," and, before he realized it, he was telling of his home life in the city away to the east.

"You see, father and Ed are chums, and mother and I. Ed has helped father in the store since he left college, but I hate it. Father would never hear



"EASTER FLOWERS."

of me studying law, though, till Mr. Bateson's letter came."

The lustrous eyes had never left the eager, earnest young face before her, and now she said in a quickly sympathetic voice:

"And yet it does not really matter what work we are at. If we are doing the work God sets apart for us to do, and are living in faith, the passing years will hold much happiness for us, even though our dearest desires should be relinquished."

That was the first of many visits. Mr. Bateson's home became a second home to him, and Miss Bateson's room became his Bethany. Then, too, besides his office work, he was making rapid progress in his studies, and Mr. Bateson often laughingly called him his partner.

Thus the months flew by. One evening—it was in Indian summer, and hazy lights and shadows were in the air—Ruth was standing at the gate opening to the street.

"A penny for your thoughts!" cried a merry voice, a cap was lifted, a light form vaulted the low fence, and Alex. Thurston stood beside her.

"The beautiful summer has slipped away," said Ruth.

"It has been a happy one for me in many ways," he returned. "I see some hopes now of my ambitions being realized, and I believe to go back to the old life would be intolerable."

"You are ambitious," answered the girl, and, despite her smile, there was an almost wistful look in her eyes. "I used to dream of the great things that I would do, when, as I thought, I'd be of use in the world. Now my highest ambition is to live the day as it comes, as helpfully and cheerfully as possible—a more lowly ambition, truly, but less 'of the earth, earthy.'"

They talked on, and as Alex. told of his hopes and plans, Ruth grew sympathetic. Presently Mr. Bateson came in with the evening mail; he handed Alex. a letter, and Ruth some books for Miss Bateson, and they all entered the house. Ruth took the books to the invalid, and Mr. Bateson being called out at that moment, Alex. was left to read his letter.

It was not long; it was from his father, and easily read. But long after he read it he sat with his head bent over in his hand. He rose at last, and, going to Miss Bateson's room, he handed her the letter without a word.

"Can you come home at once, your mother is dangerously ill? And will you come prepared to assist in the store, as your brother Edward has gone to Europe?"

Miss Bateson's lovely lighted eyes looked into his, and her hand sought his in the gathering dusk. It was not easy to offer words of comfort as he stood in the pride of his manly beauty, with his heart's hopes levelled at a stroke. Slowly and lingeringly she spoke,

"This world is a great school house. The Master trains in us such gifts as, if we graduate honorably, will be of most service in the perfect manhood and womanhood that will come after. He sees as we do not, that some gifts are best trained by repression. Good bye, dear boy, the Lord bless you."

His eyes were misty with tears he did not try to hide, and very simply and reverently raising her hand to his lips, he left the room.

Ruth had slipped out unobserved, and now she met Alex. in the hall. Handing him her little morocco bound Bible, she said:

"Here's a keepsake, and—you have my sympathy."

"Thank you," he replied, and with one strong hand clasp they parted.

Two weeks later a letter told them of his mother's death.

* * *

Two years passed. Letters, books and papers constantly found their way from the invalid's room to Alex. in his distant city home. One day there came from Ruth to him a black edged missive—too well he knew its import. He opened it slowly and read, once, twice: "Dear friend—I scarcely know how to tell you. Aunt Alice's weary feet slipped over the brink last night, but it was so sweet and peaceful that we cannot feel sad; she sent her love to you.—RUTH BATESON."

There were no tears in Alex.'s eyes

this time, but when he rose half an hour later there was an added line of strength about the manly mouth, and his eyes seemed to have caught a reflection of the beauty of immortality.

The winter wore away. In the spring a note from Ruth told Alex. that she and her father had started for Europe. In the meantime Alex. had entered a law school and was making remarkable progress. Occasionally he received a letter from Ruth, and he knew that now at last, after long waiting and trying years, she was realizing her dreams, and away in Paris was learning to sing. The weeks passed into months, and the months into years, before the budding spring found them again in Burnside.

* * *

And once again it was the Easter-tide, and Ruth Bateson's beautiful voice rang out the song of faith:

Oh, Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust Life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red

Life that shall endless be.

And again the pastor arose and told

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH HAS NO EQUAL

was filled with the sweetness of budding flowers and singing birds, a brooding Sabbath peace was over all. And it was there that they plighted their troth, whose souls had been one since that far distant summertime of joy, when she, above whose grave they now lingered, blessed and brightened their lives by her presence.

And in the after years, when fading tresses told their own story, still the memory of that sweet, pure woman lifted their thoughts heavenward. Truly she, being dead, yet spake, and speaking told the world of the undying uplift of one little life of love.

Grate a little fine spermaceti into your starch if you want the linen glossy.

Lime water is good for chilblains. Use it both hot and strong. A saturated solution of alum in water, used hot, is also very efficacious.

A concentrated solution of tannin, made by dissolving an ounce of freshly made tannin in six drachms of water with the aid of gentle heat, gives immediate relief to soft corns, if applied once or twice a day between the toes after washing. Tannin in powder is not quite so effectual.

Flimsy silk that has gone into a multitude of wrinkles may be smoothed out and restored to something like its original freshness by sponging it with gum arabic water. Sponge the right side of the silk, and when it is almost dry iron the wrong side.—Siemon's Magazine.

Enameled kitchenware may be thoroughly cleaned by first washing inside and outside with hot water and soda, and then scouring with a mixture of fine salt and sand, two parts sand to one of salt. Then rinse with hot water, and wipe clean and dry. Plain salt will also remove baking stains from plates, cups and other dishes.

A Delicious Apple Pudding.—Make a sauce of six apples. Place this in a pudding dish with three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, half a cupful of ground almonds, a little lemon juice and rind, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, sugar to taste (about a small cupful), a teaspoonful of cinnamon and six whites of eggs stiffly whipped. Bake for half an hour.

When oil cloth has been down for a few months, and is losing the shiny surface, it can be renewed easily, and it will last twice as long. Melt a little ordinary glue in a pint of water, letting it stand on the top of the oven till dissolved. Wash the oil cloth thoroughly, and let it dry. At night go over the whole thing carefully with a flannel dipped in the glue water. Choose a dry day for it, and by morning the glue will be hard, and will have put a fine gloss, as good as new, on your floor.

For a weakly or rickety child, or one just recovering from typhoid fever, olive oil will sometimes work wonders. The plan is to rub in the oil over the whole of the child's body, especially about the upper part, taking a few drops at a time into the palm of the hand. The nourishment absorbed through the child's skin will be of immense service in building up his strength. When a child is suffering from a severe cold it is a good plan to omit the daily bath, and to rub the back and chest with olive oil. To insure against further cold being caught the child should be wrapped in a blanket and carefully screened from drafts while the rubbing is being done.



SWORN FRIENDS.

his Easter message: "The providences of God are mysterious and oftentimes He leads us by strange and devious paths up to the heights of our longings. But often, too, He sees that the attainment of our object would not be for our highest good, and we are forced to walk the thorny path of self-denial to the end. But the years passing over us do wonderfully for us, and the love of God in our hearts bridges all the floods of impatience and disappointment and unrest. Duty changed to love, imprisonment changed to freedom, self-denial changed to beauty of service. Oh, love of God, all strong, all boundless! Oh, service of God, all beauty and peace!"

After the service, Ruth and Alex.—for he was spending the vacation at Burnside—walked to the cemetery. And when at length they stood above the grave of Alice Bateson, Alex. reverently bared his head. It seemed easy to talk of the absent one; a thousand fragments of beauty of conduct memory gathered up and lingered over.

"She, being dead, yet speaketh," said Alex. in tender reverence.

The beautiful cemetery seemed indeed a place of rest that afternoon. The air

What a Man's Body Contains.

A bowlful of sugar.

Enough salt to provide a dinner party.

Enough iron to make five carpet tacks.

Enough gas to fill a gasometer of 3,949 feet.

Enough carbon to make 9,360 lead pencils.

Enough phosphorous to make 3,064 boxes of matches.

Enough hydrogen to fill a balloon that would lift himself.

There is enough fat to make from four to eight pounds of candles.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,

Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!

Wholesome as air and genial as the light,

Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers—

It transmutes aliens into trusting friends, And gives its owner passport round the globe.

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The Heart's Easter.

A sorrowing man went forth one Easter morn,
His whole soul crying, "Wherefor was I born?
What end of my existence is fulfilled,
What seeking answered, and what craving stilled?
When great ambitions drew their little breath,
Some ruthless Richard smothered them to death;
And manhood's hopes and passions were but born
That with the nail and spear they might be torn.
Place, fame, and love—though these are mine to-day,
Compared with what I looked for, what are they?
What to the parent's fond yet sad embrace
The crippled child is, with its smiling face,
Gazing at what is sweet and comely there,
He thinks—'Oh, that the body were as fair!
So seeing something that can make me glad
Brings but a pang at more I might have had."

Hark! the thick air of nature and his soul
Is riven with bells—the Easter anthems roll
Such strong, sweet echoes of "Let there be light!"
They well might put the midnight's black to flight;
And as He passes, hither steals the strain—
"Be of good cheer; thy dead shall rise again!"

But what are these before His spirit's eye,
These subtle shapes of light now floating by?
Are they the semblances of parted friends?
Nay, not their graves this Easter morning rends;
Yet every shining form he sees within
Bears the remembered traits of what has been;
And while his thought their name is searching out,
As with one voice they distance all his doubt:

"We are thy dear ambitions that have died,
Thine earthly passions that were crucified.

Think not we lived only to die in vain,
With life divine we rise in Thee again;
Ambitions, passions, still, O soul! are we,
Like our old selves, yet changed immortally."

—Charlotte Fiske Bates.

An Easter Gift.



SOAP BOX full of brown earth! Does not that sound like rather a queer present? I thought so until I understood what the soap box really was, and saw that it was a gift that would give more pleasure than the most costly toy or piece of bric-a-brac.

Last spring I went to see five delightful children, who are as quick and full of fun as five little brown monkeys. It was a Saturday morning in early April, when the moist ground about the house and garden was beginning to dry a little, but the roads and woods were deep with mud, and I wondered what their mother had planned to keep the dancing feet busy.

A broad piazza runs along the south side of the house, with wide steps leading to the garden, where, as I said, the brown earth was showing dry between the beds of last year's flowers and vegetables; and here, early in the morning, I heard a great sound of thumping and pounding and the trundle of a wheelbarrow.

When I came out, there in a row were five wooden soap boxes, perhaps eighteen inches square, painted a dark

green, and the five youngsters were working about them with shovel and trowel, as busy as bees, and all in blue gingham pinafores or overalls.

"What are you doing here, chicks?" I asked, and was told that these were their Easter presents—not ones that had been given them, but ones which they themselves gave, "because we have such lots ourselves," explained the littlest one, "and they are gardings, and we plant them for people who hasn't got any big gardings."

I sat down and watched. As I said, they were as busy as bees, and they all helped the littlest one, who is only five. The eldest boy went with the wheelbarrow to the last year's hotbed, where the earth was rich and good; the second lightened the earth with leaf-mold from the pile of last year's leaves behind the shrubbery, and the two little girls sifted dirt, and smoothed and patted it with their trowels, and then came the most exciting part—the planting. And we all got quite breathless as the holes were made and the tiny seeds were dropped in, covered over smooth and patted firmly down.

One "garden" was to be a window-box, planted full of nasturtium seeds, for an old lady who lived in one room in a cramped block of houses. Another was planted full as it could hold of slender white lettuce seeds for Mrs. Cassidy, who does the family's washing and keeps boarders. "And she transplants them when they are big enough, and they make enough for all her garden." But the last was the best of all, for it was for a cousin in New York, a boy who has all that money can buy, but who lies crippled, month after month, on his sofa. This box was planted with a quantity of things—half a dozen hyacinths and tulips, then daffodils, for later flowering, and in the other half seeds of pansies and of mignonette. Can you not imagine the exquisite pleasure with which the sick boy watched for the first tiny shoots?

I wonder if so much pleasure was ever given, with only the cost of a morning's happy work! Do you not know some one for whom you should like to make such an Easter present?

When wooden tubs or pails have to stand for any time, instead of filling them with water, which is sure to become stagnant, try painting them over with glycerine. The wood will not shrink until the glycerine dries on, and that will not happen for months.

If the tea-kettle, or a pan, or basin, boils dry, pour boiling water into it; never cold water. If done at once this will prevent cracking.

Sometimes an umbrella that begins to show tiny cracks and pin holes may be mended at home. Open the umbrella and hold it up to the light. Mend the holes on the inside with black silk court plaster, cut slightly larger than the holes. Sun umbrellas and parasols are more effectively mended in this way than umbrellas, which sometimes require a repetition of the mending after being thoroughly wet.

In adding flour to gravies, always use a flour dredger and there will be no lumps in the gravy.

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An Easter Song.

The mounded snow has passed away,
The glory of the spring appears;
Not once has God forgot His earth
Through the innumerable years.

What greater miracle than this
Can doubt require, or faith implore,
When from the winter's grave of cold
Rise leaf and bloom from shore to shore?

Ring, Easter bells, and sweetly tell
The story of our risen Lord;
Ah, who can doubt who hears aright
The opening blossom's whispered word?

—Ninette M. Lowater.

Powdered chalk added to glue strengthens it. Boil one pound of glue and two quarts of skimmed milk, and it will resist the action of water.

Nature's Music.

The flowers from the earth have arisen;
They are singing their Easter-song;
Up the valleys and over the hillsides
They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen! The wild-flowers are singing
Their beautiful songs without words!
They are pouring the soul of their music
Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided
The joy of its blossoming birth—
The wonder of its resurrection
From its grave in the frozen earth.

For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
Little Eyebright, Anemone pale!
Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting
Your trumpet-note, loud on the gale.

The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
The goldfinch's twitter reveals;
And the violet trills through the bluebird
Of the heaven that within her she feels.

The song-sparrow's exquisite warble
Is born in the heart of the rose,
Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,
Afraid of belated snows.

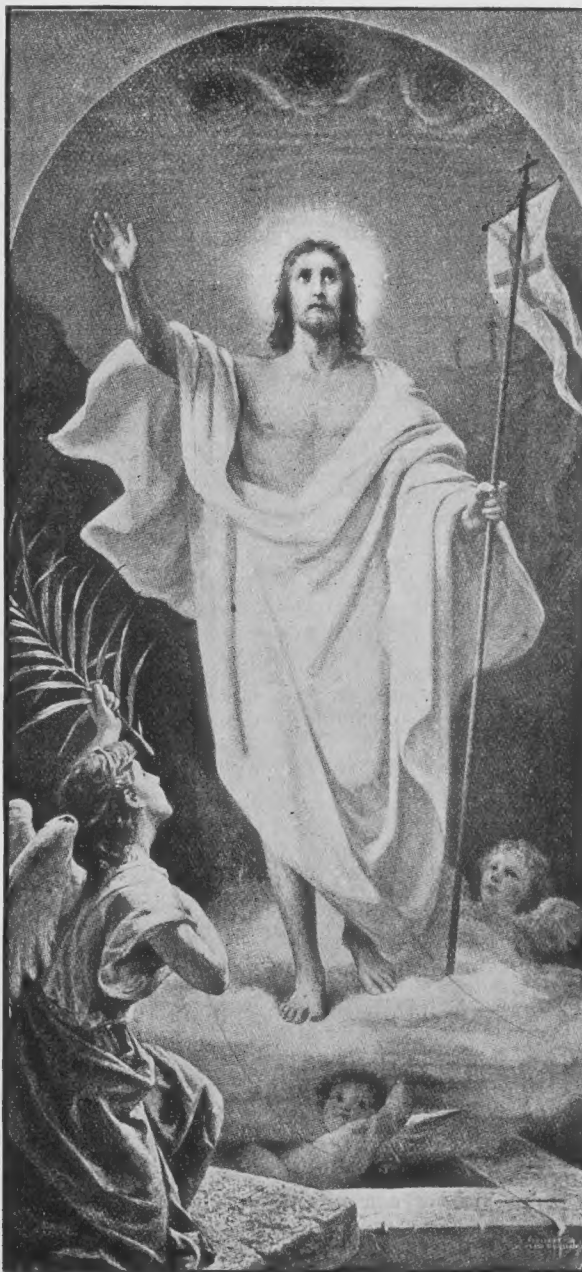
And the melody of the woodthrush
Floats up from the nameless and shy
White blossoms, that stay in the cloister
Of pine-forests, dim and high.

—Dumb Animals.

The Family Wardrobe.

In order to always be neatly dressed, it is necessary to take good care of one's clothes, darning the tiny breaks before they get larger, brushing the dust from dress skirts after they have been worn, and putting the Sunday hats away in a tightly covered box to exclude the dust. Coat buttons should be sewed on as soon as they get loose to keep from losing them, and when the edges of the coat wears out a new binding will make it look better. Dozens of little things will suggest themselves if you look over the family wardrobe regularly, that may be done to improve the appearance of the garments and make them last longer.

A good cleansing fluid is almost indispensable in this work, and is not expensive. Shave two ounces of good soap, pour a pint of boiling water over it, and after it has been dissolved, put in two ounces of powdered borax and set it aside until cool; add one ounce each of ether and alcohol and two quarts of water. Stir until well mixed and keep it in a jug. When you wish to clean coat collars, mix a cupful of water with a cupful of the fluid, put the collar on a table or smooth board, and scrub it with an old tooth brush dipped in the suds, changing the water as often as it gets dirty. Rinse with clear water and hang it up until half dry. Spots and stains may be removed from woolen dresses and other garments in the same way.—Opportunity.



"NOW IS CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD."

Loyal and True

OR A TALE OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by J. N. McK.



IN a remote part of Invernesshire, in the Highlands of Scotland, far from the throbbing haunts of men, lies the dark and gloomy glen known to the few shepherds in its neighborhood as "Gleau nau cuamh," i.e., the glen of the bones. The legend was that in the days of yore a party of hunters lost their way and in due time found themselves in this dark glen, where they found an immense cave, in which they decided to pass the night till Phoebus would again show up and lead them with his bright beams to civilization—such as it was in those days. About midnight one of the men—so the story goes—woke the rest and told them about an awful dream he had had, in which the fairy of the cave warned them all through him to at once leave the place, or else a dreadful fate awaited them. His companions,

though it was believed in as such by the natives, who would just as soon think of doubting the Apostle's creed as this old legend, and would sooner think of having a peep through the portals of Hades than descend to the dark depth of this lonesome glen after nightfall. Consequently the glen remained uninhabited for many a long year, for the stoutest hearted in those days—men who would face fire and sword without flinching, would blanch and tremble with fear at the mere mention of anything supposed to be connected in any way with that awful unseen world of ghosts and spirits whose dangers they could not see or understand. But the day and generation of doubting Thomases arrived at last, and then that of the cocksure tribe who, with the exaggerated light of their luminous minds, explored every nook and cranny of the seen and unseen worlds and then gave their verdicts which declared that there was absolutely no truth in those old tales which were wont to delight, and at the same time fill with dread each and all. Then some of the converts to this new faith repaired to the "glen of bones"—at first, it must be confessed, with many misgivings, but getting bolder after a time, they opened their eyes better, to observe and note, and were delighted with the wild grandeur surrounding them, and at last one bolder than the rest, shortly before the troublesome, agitated, never-to-be-forgotten days of Prince Charlie, built himself a strong cottage of unhewn stone under the brow of a dark frowning cliff in a well hidden pocket of the glen, and thither moved with his wife and family of four stalwart sons and one comely daughter. This was big John MacQuarrie, who in his sixtieth year was said to be able to overtake the fleetest sheep or goat on the mountains. He and his big sons were famous hunters and their larder was seldom, if ever, empty in sunshine or storm, if even one blackcock could be had within ten miles of their retreat.

Here they lived happy and contented, never wanting, never caring, what the great world outside was doing, living their free life on their native bens as unfettered by the shackles of civilization as if they were in the heart of some African desert. One day, however, a messenger penetrated to their lonely dwelling in the glen, in the memorable year 1745, with the tidings that Bonnie Prince Charlie's standard was unfurled, and that the clans were being marshaled, under their respective chiefs, to defend it with their life's blood, till they'd see it waving in triumph over the halls of his royal fathers. Ever loyal, ever true to the unfortunate House of Stewart, big John forthwith sent three giant sons to the front while he and the youngest "John beag," i.e., wee John (a youngster of eighteen summers, and six feet three inches in height) bided at home to provide the family wants and also as a reserve to, if necessary, join their friends against the redcoats. Every Friday now one of the two walked to the nearest village for news, and great would be the rejoicing in the cottage when the news would be favorable (and it always was). News of victories—such as that of Prestonpans and Falkirk, were celebrated in a special manner, always by a big bonfire of peat and dried heather, and many a great horn would old John drain to the health of the bonnie prince and confusion to his enemies. Hearing so much about those great events in their country's history inflamed their minds, raising their war spirit to such a pitch that they could not resist the temptation any longer, and they therefore decided one day to set out for the seat of war the next morning. This old John and his son did with the full consent of the wife and daughter, who were as enthusiastic as themselves, doing all they could do to

show their love for Charlie. These Amazonian Jacobites would gladly set out on the warpath too with their husbands and brothers, but they knew they could be more useful in their natural sphere to further his cause. This they did by knitting socks and weaving plaids for the kilted followers of the prince, and while busy at this peculiar duty of their sex, singing the many Jacobite songs that were turned out by the score in those days. But, alas! for the hopes, the dire and sorrowful day of Culloden Moor was drawing nigh, to dash their glowing hopes forever to the ground and to turn almost every home in the Highlands from being happy and expectant—waiting for victorious sons, husbands and lovers, into homes of mourning and sorrow—whose doors the beloved absentees would never, never more darken. Among the gallant and brave men whose life blood stained the heather on that ill-fated field were the four giant sons of big John, and he himself left the stricken moor sorely wounded, and by night made his way by many a weary by-path known only to himself, to his cottage in the glen. Unlike many of the rest, John and his sons never left their idol for a moment, in victory or the reverse, till his cause got its deathblow through the jealousies that knawed like a cancer among his proud followers. Needless to say the hunt for the royal fugitive and his followers was close and keen, and the scent was good, if blood could make it so. Every hill and dale were minutely searched by

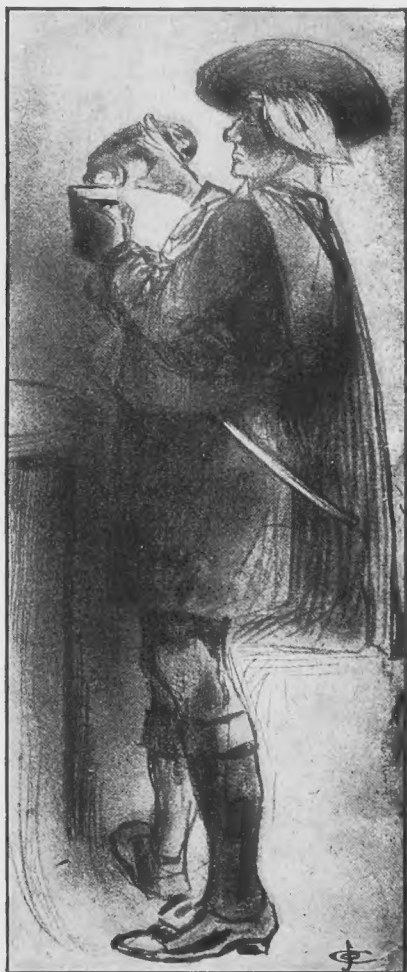


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from the chase—alas! empty-handed, but with the dread news of having seen a party of the hated redcoated soldiers hovering near the glen, and that in creeping home she came across one of the glaring posters aforesaid offering the great reward to anyone who would betray the unfortunate prince. Speaking in whispers about these matters, darkness found the poor old couple in the same nook under the frowning rock by the door, sympathising with all their hearts with the royal fugitive, but it never entered their loyal minds, sickly and starving as they were, that any one in all that stricken land would ever, poor as they were, betray him or claim the reward. And they were right. In per-



"And Confusion to His Enemies."

however, scoffed and laughed at him, telling him he was a coward who wanted to run away from shadows and that if he wanted to leave a good warm bracken bed to lose himself again among the dangerous rocks and peat-bogs at midnight, he was welcome, and turning on the other side, each drew his plaid over his ears and went to sleep again. But the man who got the warning preferred to leave, and groping his way through many dangers, he before morning found shelter in a shepherd's hut, where, being completely worn out with hunger and fatigue, he rested till noon. Then, being rather uneasy regarding his companions, he, with the burly shepherd, repaired to the cave in the glen, but, alas! found nothing for their pains but the bleached bones of the rest of the party—and from that day to this their fate remained a mystery, unknown to any but the "genii" that reigns over the dark and gloomy glen. Of course, we don't ask anyone to take this for gospel truth,



"A Thundering Knock Sounded on the Door."

Cumberland's host and every prominent place had its glaring poster offering thirty thousand pounds reward for the head of him who was the most brave and most unfortunate of a brave unfortunate line of kings. On his way to his home in the glen poor old John had many a narrow escape from his enemies, and more than once—hidden in the heather—he was so near parties of the English troopers that he could touch them with his hand. At last he got home after three days in which he suffered more than the average man suffers in a lifetime—from hunger, as well as from the excruciating pain of his many wounds. There was no need for words, when he tottered across that lowly threshold to tell how things were, and the sorrow stricken wife and daughter asked no questions. "O, my beloved children!" wailed the mother day after day, "my bonny boys gone—gone forever. My strong, handsome sons cut off in the flower of your youth, and now withered and gone—withered and gone for aye." Thus the poor mother went on from day to day as she watched by her husband's bedside, but never a word but blessings did she breathe against the man who in a way was responsible for the death of her sons. One evening, towards the end of April, 1746, poor old John, now convalescent, sat in his low chair beside his cottage door, attended by his faithful wife. The once strong and stalwart man was now but the shadow of his former self, and never again would he be able to climb the wild, rugged mountains he loved so well. That day their daughter Marion, who was now their sole support, returned

sing the history of our empire we can find no parallel in loyalty to any man as that shown by the distracted Highlanders to Bonnie Prince Charlie, when by much dangerous manoeuvring they managed to keep him from the Duke of Cumberland's clutches, and when all the gold in King George's coffers could not make the poorest and most benighted amongst them raise a finger to betray him, who was the author of their misery and mourning. Alas! in these days, when greed for gold overrules every other passion, could (if the events of those days were enacted over again) the people be found so loyal and true as they were in the good old days of yore? As has been said, darkness found the old couple still setting by the door, but the chilly breath of night, together with a cold drizzling rain that began to fall when nature's dark curtains were drawn, soon drove them in to the bright peat fire that burned brightly

The Cause of Cancer Explained.

Our booklet, "Cancer: its Cause and Cure," written by a physician who has made a special study of the disease, will be sent to any address for 6 cents in stamps. W. H. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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on the hearth. The good old dame, as soon as they were seated before the bright blaze, looked at her husband and murmured, "Where will he rest his head the night. Ah! wae's me, where will our bonny prince sleep this night?" No sooner were the words uttered than they heard cautious footsteps approaching the door, stop there for some minutes and then some one knocked in a peculiar way. Old John, who was beginning to nod, raised his head and looked at the door with wonder, as if he doubted his ears. Again that peculiar knock, and this time the old man sprang up, as if the sound had given him back all his old vim and strength, rushed to the door, shot the bolt back and swung it open on its creaking hinges, and the stranger stepped across the threshold into the dim light. No sooner did the old Highlander see him than he dropped on his knee and grasping the stranger's hand, he reverently kissed it. Then with a beaming face he turned to his wife and said in a voice which fairly trembled with joy, "Behold, dame, our bonnie prince honoring our poor cottage with his royal presence. Come and welcome him as well as you can." Ah! what joy showed in the faces of those three as they hovered around the young prince, who, closely hunted, had thus blundered into their midst. It was, indeed, a moment of supreme happiness to them—the happiest in their lives—and it would be remembered and cherished as such while they lived. The bedraggled figure whom

tion that a Highlander is chivalrous and that even an enemy can safely give his life into his keeping in his own home, I showed myself knowing not who you were, whether friend or enemy."

The two small windows were then carefully closed, as well as every other chink, to keep the dim light from being seen by the sharp prying eyes of the enemy. In a short time the royal guest was taken up "ben" and dry clothes given him, and that donned, a chunk of cheese made of goat's milk and a noggin of milk were placed before him, to which he did full justice, and declared with a joyous laugh that it was the best food he ever tasted. But he didn't know that it also was the only food in that poor home. Just as the prince was finishing his repast, a thundering knock sounded on the door, and a rough voice, hoarse as a foghorn, ordered the inmates to open the door in the king's name. With white blanching faces the three surrounded the prince as if to shield him from all harm, but he, draining the noggin, appeared quite unconcerned, and said jokingly, as he took another bite out of the cheese, "Well, well, my friends, if we can't keep them out, we cannot help it; but they shall not have such a good supper as I had, that I'll wager." Having finished, he jumped up, and looking round him keenly, he said, "My loyal aged friend, have you any secret place where you can hide me for a while from these bloodhounds at the door? If so, lead me to it at once, but I want to be near

they found that the birds they were so sure of had mysteriously disappeared, but will, instead, follow the fugitives to the old haunted cave. "My beloved prince," said the old man, leaning heavily on his crutch, "you are not over safe here yet, for some of them might blunder in from the outside. Let me, then, I beseech you, conduct you by a path known only to myself to the castle of Sir John —, where you will be safe and welcome. "My kind old friend," said the prince with emotion, taking his hand, "you have suffered much for my sake already—more than I can ever repay, even if seated securely on the throne of my fathers; and I therefore refuse your kind offer, for I plainly see that you suffer great pain, and should be in a warm bed instead of being drenched with rain on the bleak and barren mountain on such a night as this. No, no, my kind friend, it would be your death." "Suffer me, I pray, to do you this last service," said the old man earnestly, "to be assured that you, my prince, were in safety, I would willingly die; therefore I pray try me and see what old John McQuarrie can do, though old and broken. He could not be gainsaid, and so the two sallied forth—old John leading with great caution—but going at such a rate in spite of his infirmities that the prince, young and active though he was, had all he could do to keep up. In three hours old John stopped by a great boulder overlooking Sir John's castle, where the prince had strong friends, and standing upright, his great wasted frame animated by his strong will, which threw off all infirmities for the time being, he said, "Yonder is the castle your highness, yonder you will find those who—" "But none more loyal than you my dear old friend," interrupted the prince, as he warmly clasped his great bony hand. "Take this ring in remembrance of me," continued he, and then tenderly embracing the old Highlander he left him and went his sad lonely way alone. Old John gazed after him with streaming eyes for a while and then murmured, while his eyes grew strangely dim and his knees shook under him, "May the good Lord bless you my bonnie prince, and bring you to your—" Here the feeble voice ceased, and the old Highlander fell prone on the brown heather a corpse. Here he was found by his brave daughter (who followed in their wake) with a smile on his withered strong old face and with the prince's ring in his hand under his heart. The sad lament his heartbroken widow sang on this occasion is yet sung throughout the Highlands and will be for many years to come.



"Here He was Found."

they thus honored, save for his fearless eye and the unmistakable indefinable something that generally goes with those born in the purple, could well be taken for a tramp. With sodden, tattered shoes and clothes, and an old blue bonnet covering his flowing locks, it would indeed take a good stretch of the imagination to ever picture this wild looking, ragged figure ruling the British empire from a royal throne. To stop their joyful outbursts the panting fugitive put his finger on his lips and instantly the cottage was as silent as the grave. "My loyal friends," said the prince, in the low well-bred voice he was wont to use, "I see that you know me, and I am glad to find myself with friends, for I am sore beset, and nothing saved me and my two companions from our enemies but darkness and this gloomy glen, into which we blundered and separated just as they were about to surround us. By great good luck I saw your tiny star of light, and knowing from experience as well as from tradi-

enough to see that you are not ill-used on my account, if I can help it." "Never fear for us," said the old man, with a happy face, "they shall not find much here for their pains. Come this way, all of you," he chuckled, and going to a certain part of the wall in the corner, he put his hand on a large gray stone and pressed it hard. The stone, balanced in the centre in some ingenious way, at once moved back, disclosing a dark narrow passage leading, it appeared, to the very heart of the mountain behind. "Now I thank God," said the old man as he motioned them to enter, "for having put the making of this passage in my mind. Dinna be afraid, your highness, for it leads to an old cave near by." Through this aperture they all disappeared, the old man bringing up the rear, carefully swinging the stone to its place before following the rest just as the soldiers with many a curse forced the door open and fell pell mell into the poor deserted cottage. We need not record their language when

EDITOR GIVES THE REASON WHY

He is Shouting the Praises of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets — They Cured His Dyspepsia When Everything Else Had Failed.

"Do you know Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets? I, the undersigned, know them as the best thing for Dyspepsia. Every person suffering from this malady, ought to use them, and I am sure he would be satisfied."

ALPHONSE CARON.

The above clipping is from *The Echo*, published at Montmagny, Que. It is the free-will tribute of Editor Caron to the remedy that rescued him from the miseries of Dyspepsia. Asked as to why he voluntarily published this statement, Editor Caron said:

"I suffered for many years from Dyspepsia. I spent a great deal of money on different medicines, but without any success. An advertisement led me to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the change they made in me was wonderful. I am completely cured."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are an insurance policy against discomfort. One or two of them taken after eating is a safeguard against Indigestion.

Man's a Fool.

As a rule,
Man's a fool!
When it's hot
He wants it cool.
When it's cool
He wants it hot.
Always wanting
What is not;
Never liking
What he's got
I maintain,
As a rule,
Man's a fool.

—Baltimore Herald.

Stray Shots.

Keep ahead of your work or it will down you.

The mastery of details makes work a pleasure.

It is difficult to obtain anything without going after it.

Attend to the trifles, and everything else will take care of itself.

Unless you aim at something the chances are you will miss the mark.

The progressive man looks over an opportunity, but never over-looks one.

The successful man does not allow himself to drift—he keeps on doing things.

If you want to get rich economize on everything, except the saving of your money.

There's lots of folks that have a more liberal education for spending money than for saving it.

Every now and then you find a fellow that does a good job of everything except making ends meet.

The best way to water hanging baskets during the dry season is to set the basket in a tub of water until the soil within is thoroughly saturated.

Good Resolutions.

Smile.
Be frank
Keep busy
Be cheerful.
Don't banter.
Pay your debts.
Avoid grumbling.
Grin and bear it.
Conquer the blues.
Don't be a croaker.
Don't fret and whine.
Learn to take a joke.
Give others a fair show.
Don't parade your troubles.
Be contented with your lot.
Look eternity squarely in the face.
Promptly pay the printer and pastor.

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It plays every kind of instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

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A Day at Vesuvius

By Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

We left the city of Naples at nine o'clock a.m., after a hurried scramble from our good ship, Moltke, and found comfortable carriages awaiting us on shore to take our party to one of the most celebrated volcanic mountains in Europe, six miles east of that city. After three or four hours of steady uphill driving with a pair of good horses we reached the ridge of the observatory, where a good lunch had been provided for our party by Cook & Sons. But that drive, what pen can present the picture? Vesuvius is thirty miles in circumference at its base. Towns and villages cover the lower portion of the mountain that is 4,000 feet high. Luxurious groves are scattered over the high terraces, while above the evidences of fertility succeed a region of such utter desolation and sterility, caused by layers of lava in every conceivable position that this molten rock is capable of assuming. The view looking backward as we ascended, and outward over the city, over the bay of Naples, is simply entrancing, or was that beautiful morning we ascended its heights. Vesuvius consists of two distinct portions. The apex of the mountain has the appearance of a truncated cone deeply covered with ashes. The extreme top presents the character of a narrow ledge of burnt earth nearly two miles in circuit, enclosing the open crater, which has a depth, it is said, of 350 feet, and three-quarters of a mile in diameter. It is thought that at one time the volcano was twice as high as it is now. By a colossal eruption the upper half of the cone was blown away. After our lunch we continued the ascent of the mountain in a wire rope railway, opened in 1880, that carries visitors from the foot of the cone up to within 150 yards of the mouth of the crater. The road from the top station looks almost perpendicular. It makes you turn away from the sight and take your turn in seat for two people only. No crowding or standing allowed or moving about, either. The upward ride

I half expected to be precipitated into. The plunges forward and then backward and downward of the men as they walked over and through the road upwards, panting and foaming at every plunge, was a sensation of a life-time that I do not care ever to repeat, even if I had as many lives to live. My only hope of safety was the repeated assurance of the carrier, "Very strong men, good men, never fear, lady, we get you to the top all right."

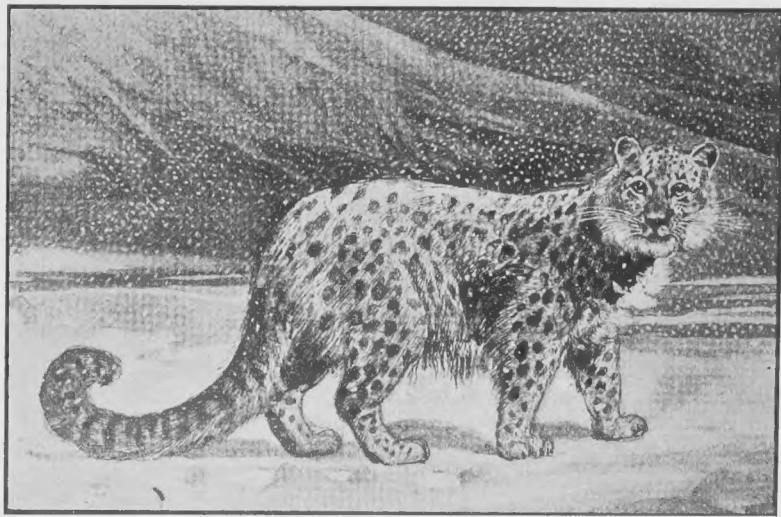
The crater is well guarded by Neapolitan police, and it required some diplomacy to get them to allow us to approach the edge of the crater, as the volcano is or was rather active that day for safety. As I looked down into that black, seething mass of molten lava, half blinded by sulphurous smoke and choked by gas, a flash of lightning, and that well-known pine tree-shaped cloud of steam, dust and gas and stones towered about Vesuvius and spread itself so high and so far out that I begged of the guide to take me away. I had spent the day before in the ruins of Pompeii, but the danger was not so eminent to accustomed eyes. The fiery glare that overspread the clouds at these explosions uncovers the lake of lava and it can, for a few minutes, be distinctly seen. I picked up a stone and threw it over the edge, hoping to see it strike the lava, but I did not.

Since the overthrow of the two cities, which seems to have emptied the crater, Vesuvius has never relapsed into total quiescence. At times, varying from weeks and months, it has broken out into eruptions, sometimes emitting only steam, dust and scoria, but sometimes streams of lava. South of the crater is Monte di Somma, one side of which is a rugged precipice, the others being shelving declivities. The recorded eruption of 70, the ashes are said to have been carried as far as Rome and as far as Africa. The vine yielding the celebrated wine called Lagrima is cultivated only on the slopes of Vesuvius.

The lazzaroni are a part of the populace. They pass their lives in the streets, lying in the shade or sauntering about during the day, and sleeping at night under a public portico, on the pavement, or on the steps of a church.

The environs of Naples are picturesque and highly interesting. The origin of the city is lost in fables of antiquity. Among the numerous objects in the vicinity of interest are the island

ranged and labelled. The building is one of the finest in the city. It was our last night on the beautiful bay of Naples and the sun was just setting, its golden rays lighting up the shores, and Vesuvius, not to be outdone, simply illumined its black cone until it was a thing of beauty, on our return to our island home, the good ship Moltke. It was a scene not easily forgotten. Our return was wel-



LONG-TAILED SNOW LEOPARD.

An Animal that lives only amid snow and ice.

of Capri, in the bay, Vesuvius and Pompeii and Herculaneum. The palaces and mansions of the nobility have little pretensions of purity of architecture, too much loaded with ornaments. The streets, though in general narrow, are straight and tolerably clean and regular, paved handsomely with large flags of lava. The royal gardens are favorite promenade grounds. Naples possesses many Roman ruins of great interest that we had not time to explore. The museum contains a wonderful amount of curiosities well ar-

comed and a good dinner awaited us, which we all enjoyed. We were tired and felt a little oppressed with the thought that our delightful voyage over the Mediterranean was nearing its end, and we should soon bid goodbye to oriental scenes. The orchestra entertained us with "Home, Sweet Home," and we all had homes we were anxious to reach. But the revelation of such a cruise, such an education, such a never-ending pleasure as I live it over and over, is not easily summed in words.



NAPLES AND MT. VESUVIUS.

Naples is the largest city in Italy. The cut shows the bay, the city without its hill, and the two mountains—one in eruption, and "the Hollow" that covered Pompeii and Herculaneum.

does not affect the nerves like the descent. But what if a cog or bolt should slip? There are no transfers on that line. The passengers are landed on a rude platform, and the rest of the distance can be covered either on foot or on the back of a strong Neapolitan or palanquin carried by two of the natives. It is not pleasant travelling, no matter which way you decide to go. The footman often sinks to the knees in the broken lava and scoria and by the time you have ploughed to the top you realize you have earned the sight that awaits you. If you take a chair or palanquin carried by two men between shafts, the experience will last a life-time. As I write there is a slight return of the creepiness I felt as the men swayed to the right and then to the left as they passed along the "path" which overlooks an extinct volcano that

It was a wonderful day at Vesuvius. Our drive to the city afforded such a variety of pictures only to be seen from this mountain. We forgot all that was disagreeable and revelled in the splendid scenery. We finished the day by a beautiful drive in and around the city, whose situation is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. Built in the form of an amphitheatre on the declivity of a hill, partly on the margin of a spacious bay, spreading its population along the shore and covering the shelving coast and adjacent eminences with its beautiful villas and gardens. We saw whole squares hung with macaroni to dry, and our carriers only asked for plenty of macaroni as we ascended Vesuvius. The city literally swarms with nobility without fortunes, priests without benefices and beggars of all descriptions.

Introductory Offer.

For 50 cents in stamps we will send you 3 full sized boxes (7 weeks treatment) of

DR. DEAN'S BLOOD AND NERVE BUILDER

The ingredients used in the compounding of these tablets are acknowledged by the foremost physicians to be the best blood enrichers and blood producers known. They are a true blood and nerve food and quickly cure such troubles as nervousness, lack of vitality, loss of memory, headache, hysteria, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, etc. They go right to the seat of the trouble and soon build up healthy rugged constitutions. Growing girls and boys are greatly benefited, and old folks regain their youth by taking a course of these great tonic tablets. The treatment will be sent postage paid in plain wrapper. We refund the money to any one who accepts this offer and is not thoroughly satisfied with benefits received.

JURY & GREGORY, Druggists

Box W. H.

COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

N.B.—If you have kidney trouble we will send 3 boxes of Dr. Dean's Kidney Pills for 50c. on same conditions.

Canadian Traffic on the Great Lakes.

The Northwestern Miller is about the highest authority in America on wheat and flour business. Its representatives visit every corner of the civilized world, and their information is always reliable and up to date. In a recent issue it had an article on Canadian shipping on the great lakes, which must interest every western reader. The advance in the quality of the Canadian merchant marine is one evidence of the solid progress of the Canadian West. Without western settlement and western produce there would be no use for big elevators and big carrying boats. The article is as follows:

American vessels during the last year moved only 22 per cent. of the grain shipped from the Canadian Northwest, instead of practically all of it, as in previous years. And this was in spite of the fact that more bushels were moved during the year than ever before; double the quantity of two or three seasons back.

The increase of Canadian ships in the trade of the great lakes has been one of the most significant and remarkable developments of the inland marine. For many years the proportion of Canadian ships passing the Sault canals through which must go all vessels in and out of Lake Superior, has run from 8 to 13 per cent.; the latter figure for 1902. In the past year this proportion shot up, and more than 16 per cent. of the shipping of the lakes was in Canadian bottoms. Of wheat, which the Canadians affected most, out of 61,385,000 bushels carried down the lakes, Canadian vessels had 29,000,000, or 47.2 per cent. of it. It was still more surprising that 56 per cent. of all the wheat moved out of Lake Superior last year was from Canadian ports, or 34,725,000 out of the total.

It has been the growth of the far Northwest, with its vast and new wheat fields, that has stimulated the Canadian marine to such an extent. Thirty-three new steel ships have been added to the lake marine of the Dominion in the last two years. Most of these are limited in size to the Welland and St. Lawrence canals, which had been built to accommodate ships of about 225 feet in length, 40 to 41 feet

in width and 14 feet draught. The Canadian lake shipping is not exclusively an inland marine, as is that of the United States, for it has been the policy of many vessel owners there to attempt to utilize their fleets on the lakes in summer and on salt water during the season when the lakes are closed by ice. This has not proved as profitable as had been hoped, however, and will not long be the policy, in all probability. In fact there are now very few owners who will think of attempting any more experiments in that line. Another reason contracts these vessels to lines limited by the Welland canal, and that is the fact that many of them are British built, and must pass through these canals before reaching their destination.

Shipyards on the Canadian side of the Great Lakes are limited in number and capacity; there is one at Toronto and another at Collingwood, both large and well-equipped yards, capable of turning out ships of great size and excellent equipment. Others are small and generally antiquated. The fine passenger ship Huronic, one of the best combined freight and passenger ships on the lakes, and the steel barge Agawa, 380 feet long, are the products of these yards.

In 1901 the Algoma Steamship Co. brought over from Britain four large ore carriers, just small enough to squeeze through the St. Lawrence canals. These were the first of the new Canadian invasion of the great lakes, and it is worthy of note that they were brought over by Francis H. Clergue of the Sault, whose industrial enterprises are now suffering so serious a collapse. The ships were a profitable investment, however, as many another of his plans would have become had they, like these ships, been permitted to work themselves through the period of beginnings. To these four Mr. Clergue added three more by purchase and construction.

In 1902 the Canadian Lake and Ocean Navigation Company purchased in England four steel ships of a type unknown on any seas, and absolutely unique. They were what is now known on the lakes as the turret fleet, and are an English attempt to secure the advantages of the McDougal whaleback without some of its drawbacks. They are large carriers, staunch, and most remarkable in

their appearance. The same company last year added three ships of ordinary type. The New Ontario Steamship Co. has four ships in this trade, all put on last year, two of them brought over from England and two built in Canada. They are of the customary type of lake and ocean tramps. The Montreal and Midland transit companies added fleets of from three to five ships last year, and half a dozen others increased the total by from one to two vessels each. The ships of the Midland company are the largest and finest freight ships owned in Canada. They are of large size, built on this side, and compare favorably with any of the American 5,000-ton steel freighters. A new company has been organized to build a number of 260-ft. ships in England for this Canadian lake trade and the first will come over next spring.

In round figures the carrying capacity of Canadian vessels in the Lake Superior trade is about 4,500,000 bushels of wheat a trip. Before 1900 it was not much more than a fourth as much, and the increase in so brief a space is an important growth. Of course the Canadian lake marine is a small thing yet, compared with that of the south side of the lakes, but it is growing and will have abundant traffic to permit a very considerable increase.

There are now 50 Canadian freight ships on the upper lakes, of which 32 have been put on during three seasons, and of these 32 nine are the product of Canadian yards, apparently equal in every way to those of the yards along the American lake front. There are also seven large and modern passenger ships on the upper lakes operated in Canada and owned by Canadians. These include three belonging to the Canadian Pacific and running between Georgian Bay and Fort William, and four of the Northwestern Transportation Co., running from Sarnia and Collingwood to Duluth. Not far from half the passenger trade of the upper lakes is in the hands of the Canadians. While the passage of a ship through the Canadian lock at the Sault is no definite evidence of its nationality, it is interesting to note that, while in 1899 69 per cent. of the passengers carried into and out of Lake Superior was through the American locks, in 1900 the proportion was reduced to 62 per cent., in 1901 to 50 per cent., and in 1903 to 35 per cent. The Canadians are not, to be sure, gaining the passenger trade of the lakes as these figures would indicate, but they have increased tremendously of late.

The value of Canadian craft, which in 1897 was \$2,000,000, has increased since then till at the close of 1902 it was \$3,750,000 and is now \$4,250,000. The value of American craft passing through the Sault canals is now \$70,500,000, an increase from \$42,375,000 in 1897.

The first lock ever built at the Sault was on the Canadian side. It was a trifling affair, 38 feet long between gates, 8.9 feet wide and with a lift of 9 feet. This was about half the height to be overcome, and the rest was taken up in pulling the bateaux through the rapids. This lock was put in by the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1798, and a few years ago it was re-opened and rebuilt by F. H. Clergue, and it forms an interesting spectacle in the greenery beside his office building.

The present great Canadian canal and lock was built between the years 1888 and 1895. It is 1½ miles long, 150 feet wide and 22 feet deep, excavated through the solid rock. The lock is 900 feet long and 60 feet wide, and has 22 feet of water on the sills. It will accommodate two of the largest lake ships at one time. Its lift is the full height of the rapids, or 18 feet. This canal, lock and approaches cost \$4,000,000, while the two locks and one canal on the American side have cost in all—together with the improvements to the channel below—about \$12,500,000.

Don't wash dishes carelessly. They should first be gathered up, the plates well scraped and piled up in rows. Commence by washing the silver, then on until every one is nice and clean.

Don't make your bed as soon as you get out of it; air it well. If possible, put the blankets and sheets in the open air for ten minutes at least before the bed is dressed again.

Six Books For The Sick.

What I Learned After 30 Years.

Which shall I send? Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidney. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 for Men (sealed). Book 6 on Rheumatism.

No money is wanted. Simply select the book you need. It is my experience as a specialist of 30 years. In the book I tell how at last I found a way to reach difficult deep-seated diseases. Thirty years of earnest, ardent toil in hospitals and at bedside, made it possible for me to write these books. The books tell how I perfected my prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. How by scientific experiments I traced out the causes that bring on chronic diseases. I found invariably that where there was a weakness, the inside nerves were weak. Where there was a lack of vitality, that the vital nerves lacked power. Where weak organs were found, I always found weak nerves. Not the nerves commonly thought of, but the vital organs' nerves. The inside—the invisible nerves. This was a revelation. Then my real success began. Then I combined ingredients that would strengthen—that would vitalize these nerves. That prescription I called a restorative. It is known the world over now as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. After that I did not fail to cure one in each hundred. In the extremely difficult cases, my failures for five years were only one in each forty treated. I found cancer incurable. Cancer is for surgery, not medicine. Then how to get this prescription to the sick ones everywhere was my thought. I must announce it in the public press. But, thought I, will they realize the real truth of my discovery—the real power of Dr. Shoop's Restorative? Then a way came to me—like an inspiration. "I will offer it to the sick on trial," said I. "Then they will know I am sincere." I wrote a reliable druggist in each city and village in America. I got their agreement to co-operate with me.

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For a full month I will let you use it entirely at my risk. Send no money. Just write me for the book you need. When I send it I will tell you of a druggist near you who will permit the month's trial. Take the Restorative a month. Then decide. If you say to the druggist, "It did not help me," that will relieve you of any expense whatever. He will bill the cost to me. This is my way of clearing your mind of all doubt as to what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do. No matter how prejudiced, you cannot dispute this absolute security I offer. You cannot resist an offer like this if you are at all sick. If you have a weakness, write me. If you can't do things like you used to do them, tell me about it. Write in confidence. As a physician I will tell you a way to help.

Get my book now—to-day.

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Mild cases not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At druggists.

When We Must Part.

When you must pass beyond, dear heart,
Into the realms above,
Will you sometimes think of me,
And of our endless love?
Oh! will our spirits still commune,
And seem to e'er be near?
Unless 'tis thus, oh, how can I
E'er be resigned, my dear?

The world will, oh! so lonely be,
When you are not around.
No happiness for my sad heart
On earth can then be found.
Oh! how the thought of parting, love,
My soul with anguish fills;
'Tis hard to feel that it is all
As our dear Father wills.

—Gentlewoman.

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FAITH.

The Home

Sugar Curing Hams.

The following method of sugar curing hams has been used for years with unvarying success: After the hogs are killed and properly dressed, allow them to hang where the air will have free access to them all night. When they are thoroughly cooled, they may be cut up and the hams trimmed in good shape. Put them in a barrel and pour over them a brine prepared by dissolving eight pounds of salt, five pounds brown sugar and five ounces of saltpetre in eight gallons of water. This will be enough to cover one hundred pounds of meat. If the hams are small, they should remain four weeks, taking all the scum that rises to the top every two or three days. Large hams will require six weeks to take the salt properly. Then hang them in the smoke house and build your fire, preferably of green hickory, although any wood that burns slowly with but little blaze will do. Smoke them two or three weeks. Wash clean in water that is as hot as you can bear your hands in, and while still damp dust powdered borax thickly over the flesh side of every piece, taking special care that the part next to the bone is covered with it. The borax should be used liberally, for it will aid in preserving them from taint, and to keep them sweet. It is used by all the large packing houses for the same purpose. Shoulders are cured in the same way.—Farmer's Wife.

Preserving Eggs.

Those who would like to keep some of the over supply of eggs until there is more of a demand may profit by the rule given in Farm-Poultry.

Take one pint of salt and one quart of fresh lime, and slake with hot water. When slaked add sufficient water to make four gallons. When well settled pour off the liquid gently into a stone jar. Then with a dish place the eggs in, tipping the dish after it fills with the liquid, so that they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell is

cracked the eggs will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep them covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for one year.

When it is necessary to pickle a large number of eggs of course the amount of liquid must be correspondingly increased.

Table of Weights and Measures.

2½	teaspoonfuls make 1 tablespoonful.
4	tablespoonfuls make 1 wineglassful.
2	wineglassfuls make 1 gill.
2	gills make 1 teacupful.
2	teacupfuls make 1 pint.
5	teaspoonfuls salt make 1 ounce.
1½	tablespoonfuls gran. sugar make 1 oz.
2	tablespoonfuls flour make 1 ounce.
2	cups (or 1 pint) gran. sugar make 1 pound.
2½	cups powdered sugar make 1 pound.
2½	cups brown sugar make 1 pound.
2	cups butter make 1 pound.
4	cups flour (wheat) make 1 quart.
1	scant quart flour makes 1 pound.
10	ordinary-sized eggs make 1 pound.
2½	cups gran. cornmeal make 1 pound.
1½	cups rice make 1 pound.
2	cups finely chopped meat make 1 lb.
2	tablespoonfuls liquid make 1 ounce.
1	tablespoon liquid make one-half oz.
	Butter size of an egg makes 2 ounces.
	Butter size of a walnut makes 1 ounce.

—The Household.

One Meal a Day.

Speaking at the sanitary conference in Bradford, Dr. Rabagliati said the chief factor in the causation of fevers was not overcrowding, but overfeeding and wrongfeeding. We were in the habit of eating a lot more than we could assimilate. People should begin to learn that the way to escape disease was not to run away from it, but to so fortify their bodies against the germs that they become immuned. He advised the feeding of children only twice a day. For adults between the ages of twenty-one and fifty years one meal a day ought to be sufficient.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God, thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.

How to be Loved in Old Age.

How seldom you see a lovable old woman, whose age is as beautiful as was the bloom of her youth! And when you do, you wonder how it has happened. Well, this is how:

She learns how to forget disagreeable things.

She did not give way to her nerves, and inflict them on her friends.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work she had to do congenial.

She did not lose sight of her illusions and would not think all the world wicked and unkind.

She helped the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost little and are treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and her reward is love and consideration in her old age, and she has learned the secret of a long and happy life.—Good Sense.

To Test the Purity of Water.

Take some of the suspected water in a clean, glass-stoppered bottle; add a little pure cane sugar; expose, having well stopped the bottle, to the light, in a warm room. Should the water, even after a week's exposure, become turbid, it is dangerously impure for drinking; if it remains clear it is safe.

An Excellent Iron Stand.

Use a clean firebrick instead of the ordinary iron stand, and you will retain the heat of the iron much longer. The usual iron stand not only admits the air to the bottom of the iron, but it conducts the heat from it. The brick, being a non-conductor of heat, retains the heat in the smoothing-iron much longer.

The Table.

NEW SPONGE CAKE.

5 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of water, 1 cupful of flour.

Cream the yolks of five eggs and the sugar, add the water, then stir in the flour and mix in the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs. Note—This cake is made without baking powder and is

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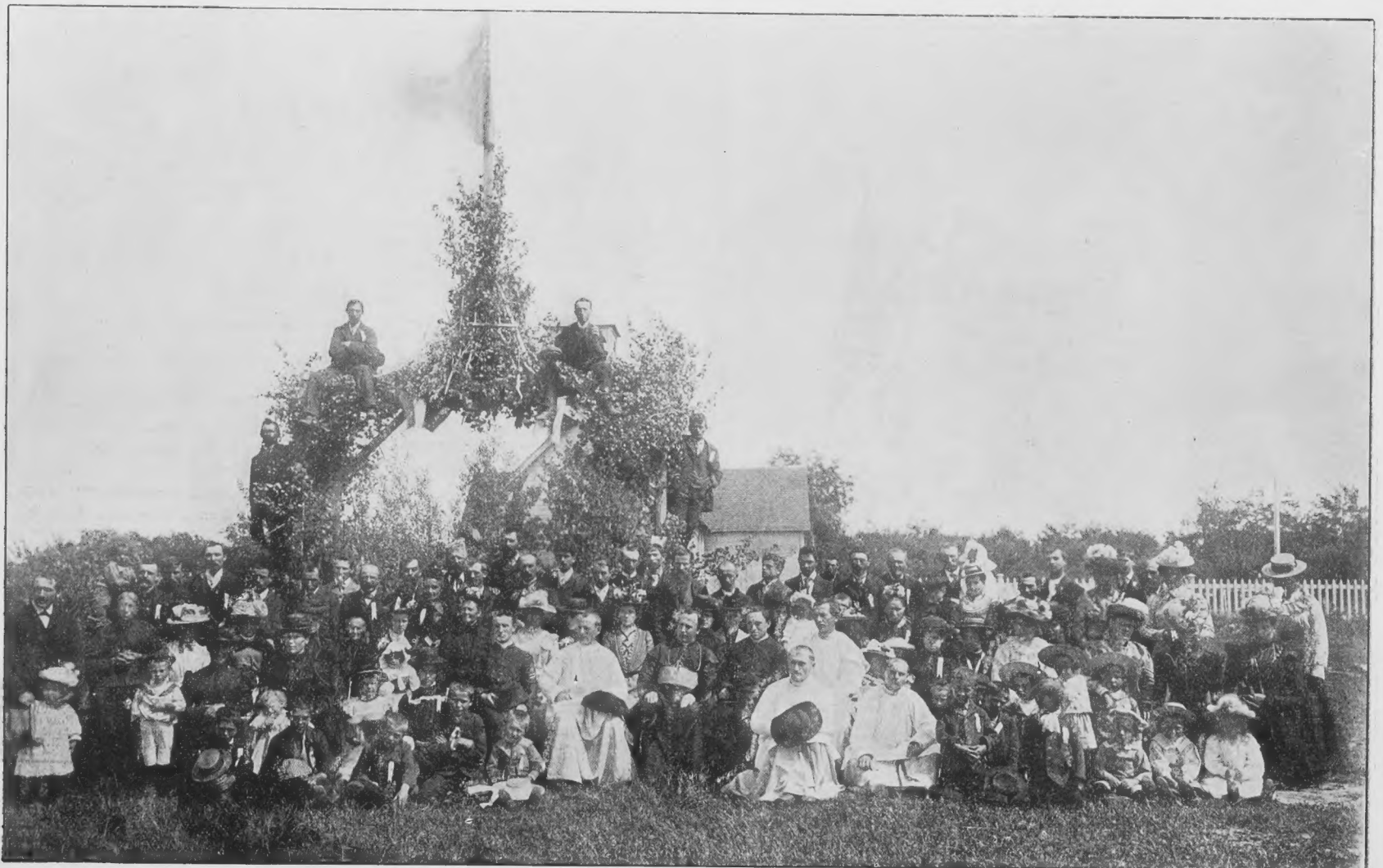
hygiene and wholesome. To insure success the yolks and sugar must be creamed for twenty-five minutes.

FIG CAKE.

1 cup of butter, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 3 pints of flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of baking powder, 16 whites of eggs, 1½ pound of figs.

Cream the butter and sugar and add ingredients in order as given above. The figs should be well floured and cut in strips like citron. Do not add any flavoring.

Hope does three things; it assures good things to come; it disposes us for them; it waits for them until the end, each of which will be of singular use to fit us for pious sufferings.

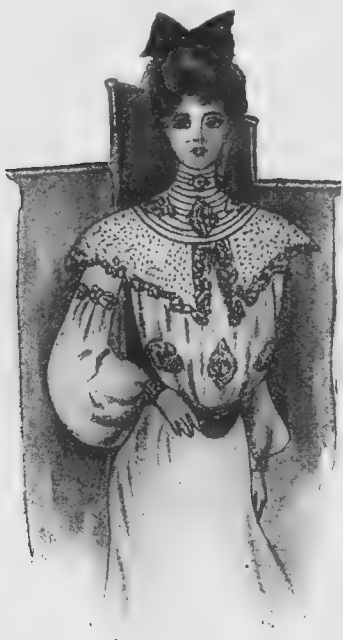


ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, ST. CLAUDE, MAN., WITH BISHOP, PRIESTS AND MEMBERS.

Seasonable

For Young Girls.

Opportunity says: All bertha waists are in style and are peculiarly charming worn by young girls. This one is made of Maize Crepe de Chine with the yoke of white chiffon, laid in folds, the bertha dotted with French knots in chenille and trimming of cream Venetian



lace. When liked the lining beneath the yoke can be cut away, giving a transparent effect, or, again, the bertha can be made of contrasting material. The design suits both the entire frock and the odd waist and all the pretty soft wool and silks of fashion.

Some Uses of Fresh Coffee.

Used in moderation, fresh coffee is an ideal beverage, especially for the morning meal. It produces a most refreshing sense of buoyancy and exhilaration, without leaving any depressing after-effects, as other stimulants do.

For this reason it is positively asserted by men of high professional ability, that those who desire to rescue the victim of strong drink, can find no better substitute for it than strong, fresh coffee, without cream or sugar.

As a stimulant for persons rescued from drowning, freezing, starvation, etc. fresh coffee is much superior to brandy, which often proves fatal.

For students and persons engaged in close, indoor work coffee is valuable as a preventive of constipation and biliousness, while for the manual laborer it not only lessens the waste of tissues, but aids in the digestion and assimilation of other foods. For the victim of a wasting disease coffee is preferred by many authorities to the best soups. Numberless striking instances could be given of its value to soldiers, sailors, miners, travellers and explorers in both hot and cold countries. While there are undoubtedly a few people with whom coffee does not agree, the same can be said of grapes, honey, milk, and all other perfectly healthful foods.

Care should be taken, however, to have the coffee fresh roasted, the fresher the better. After being roasted a month or more, the fragrance and flavor will have evaporated, leaving only the woody, tasteless bean. Fortunately the leading roasters fully appreciate this, and such coffees as White House in the United States and Blue Ribbon in Western Canada are checked up pretty closely to see that dealers always have them fresh.

The medicinal value of fresh coffee is not generally known. As a preventive and remedy for malarial and low fevers, typhoid, etc., it has been used by the best physicians with the happiest results, surpassing even sulphate of quinine. In malarial districts the use of hot coffee in the morning will usually prevent contagion, or with the addition of a little lemon is a valuable remedy.

For nausea and violent retching, a strong infusion of coffee, sipped slowly while very hot, is most effective; in very bad cases it is well to apply a strong mustard plaster to the pit of the stomach at the same time.

For breaking up a severe cold, or for rheumatism, a simple and convenient remedy is a pint of hot and very strong coffee, seasoned with a teaspoonful of pure black pepper, taken just before retiring. Care must be taken to guard against a chill afterwards, owing to the profuse perspiration induced.

As a disinfectant for the sick-room or elsewhere, fresh coffee possesses almost magical power. A handful of ground coffee thrown on a red-hot iron fire-shovel and carried about the room will absorb all the disagreeable and unhealthy odors by the time it cools.

Good to Know.

Breathing through the nostrils with the mouth closed is the proper and only way to breathe. It is right because it is the primary function of the nostrils. If all persons breathed through the nostrils nasal catarrh would become unknown.

It is quite natural to blush. It is not to be wondered at that the more you endeavor to control yourself in that direction the more you blush, as it then becomes a nervous action. Keep your thoughts from it and you will be able to control it.

Strengthening the lungs, especially the apexes, may be done by blowing through a small pipestem or tube that will allow the breath to pass out slowly. First fill the lungs with good air, then blow with steady force vigorously but not violently. A few times daily will be sufficient.

A sallow or muddy complexion is indicative of poor health, poor digestion and poor circulation. Cleanse the body inside as well as outside, and then see that you have an abundance of fresh air. Avoid tea, white bread, and milk or cream in coffee—in fact, anything that overtaxes the liver and stomach.

The muscles of the face may be developed and made firm by careful manipulation. Nutritious food should be eaten to supply the muscles of the face the same as the other muscles of the body. Muscles that are not worked lack firmness; therefore I would suggest a light massage for the cheeks, using the thumb and forefinger vigorously, but not so as to bruise the flesh.

Avoid a draught when very warm. It may indeed be comfortable, but that comfort will be short-lived. It must be understood that a breeze or moving air is not necessarily a draught. The precaution is given for the purpose of a too-sudden checking of perspiration. "Cool off gradually" is a very common saying. It would be better to say, "Cool not at all, but get less warm." The cooling point is the danger point.

Poultry Notes.

Keep pure, fresh water always within reach.

Fowls in confinement, to do well, need a variety of food.

When chickens have bred disease, look out for large lice.

Crowding induces disease and lowers the vitality of fowls.

Diseases can be readily transmitted from parents to offspring.

Manure piles are good for the production of gapes in chickens.

In selecting a location for a poultry yard, choose a light sandy soil.

Fowls having a free range will find their own feather-making food.

The falling over of the rooster's comb shows him to be in bad health.

Meal should be mixed dry and crumbly, since it causes illness when fed wet.

Sand is not a substitute for gravel in the poultry yard. The hens usually pick up the sharpest and most irregular pieces.

Laying hens must have bread or milk; eggs cannot be produced without nitrogenous material in some shape. Keep a supply of bone meal or oyster shell convenient.

Good Horses, Good Seegars, etc.

The New Denver Ledger says: "In the absence of a minister, Judge James F. Read, who was born and lived in Kentucky, was once unexpectedly called upon to say a few words at the burial, near Fort Smith, of a man who was comfortably well off in worldly possessions, but neglectful of his spiritual welfare. 'My friends,' the judge said solemnly, 'we are gathered today to pay a final tribute to our friend who has already solved the mysteries of the hereafter. He did not have the reputation of a religious man, and yet he lived the life of a noble Kentucky gentleman. He had good horses and he ran 'em. He had good seegars, and he smoked 'em. He had good whiskey, and he drank it. He had good game cocks, and he fit 'em, for such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Our Beautiful Language.

A boy who swims may say he's swum; but milk is skimmed and seldom skum, and nails you trim, they are not trum. When words you speak, those words are spoken; but a nose is tweaked and can't be twoken, and what you seek is never soken. If we forget, then we've forgotten; but things we wet are never wotten, and houses let cannot be loten. The goods one sells are always sold; but fears dispelled are not dispold, and what you smell is never smoled. When young, a top you oft saw spun; but did you see a grin e'er grun, or a potato neatly skun?—Tit-Bits.

Usefulness is the rent we are asked to pay for room on earth. Some of us are heavily in debt.

Some lose so much time complaining of lack of opportunities that they fail to make use of those they possess.

A modern Atlantic liner must earn about eighty thousand dollars clear per trip before a penny of profit is made.

In Warsaw jail is a wholesale bigamist who is known to have gone through the marriage ceremony with seventeen women, all of whom are alive.

Women were first employed in the British post office in 1870. There are now about one hundred and five thousand post mistresses and clerks.

The New York state court of appeals has handed down a decision declaring dependence upon faith healing in case of sickness to be criminal negligence.

Electric lamps on the bridles of carriage horses are now quite common in Berlin. The current is supplied by a storage battery under the carriage seat.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

The strangest menagerie in the world is on an Ohio farm. Through all the gardens, orchards and fields of this curious place one meets wild beasts of many kinds ingeniously fashioned out of roots, trunks, and the branches of trees. It is a veritable toy Noah's ark grown up.

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more—a blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God Himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven—love is God within you.

There is a mysterious, coffin-shaped grave in the churchyard of Montgomery, Wales, on which the grass refuses to grow. According to the local legend, a young man was hanged for murdering his sweetheart. He asserted to the last that he was not guilty, and on the scaffold declared that no grass would grow over his grave until his innocence was proved. The prophecy, it is alleged, has been fulfilled to the present day.

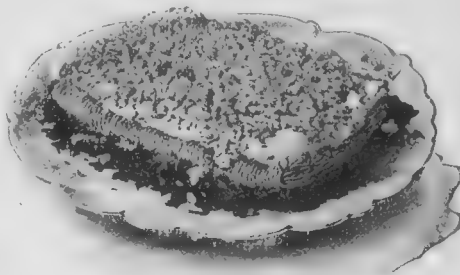
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Egg Toast.

Six hard-cooked eggs, paprika, celery salt, 1 cup thin cream, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1 level tablespoon wheat flour, 4 shredded wheat biscuits. Cook the eggs 45 minutes, cool in cold water, remove shells, separate yolks and whites. Make a cream sauce of the cream, flour, but-



ter, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika; add the whites of eggs put through potato ricer. Split the biscuit, sprinkle with celery salt, dust with paprika and toast a light brown in oven, remove to warm platter, dress with the sauce, cover the top with the yolks of the eggs put through a potato ricer, garnish with finely minced parsley.

Beef is considered in season every month in the year. It is, however, best in the winter months. This rule also applies to mutton. Lamb and veal are seasonable only during the spring months, February, March, April and May; pork only during very cold weather. Young chickens are in season in the early spring. This applies to all barnyard poultry. Game of all kinds is in season in the fall and winter months. Oysters are in season from September until May, clams from May until September. Lobsters, crabs, crawfish and shrimps begin to come in good condition in March, and continue to be good throughout the summer.

Cranberry Sauce.—Put the cranberries in a bright tin pan and boil just enough to cause them to burst, then sweeten and let them remain on the stove until the sugar dissolves, and remove and allow them to cool. Or, they can be cooked until done and strained through a sieve, then add the sugar and set on the stove until it is dissolved.

Bread Pudding with Fruit.—Take one pound of stale bread and remove the crust. Crumble the bread, moisten it with sweet milk and add one well-beaten egg; flour any small fruit—strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, cherries or cut peaches, mix with the bread, put it in a bag and boil it for one hour. Serve hot, with any sweetened sauce.

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Send name and address plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of Fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in Canada. (Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color.) Sit them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14k Gold, and containing one very large magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and cannot be told from a real Diamond even by an expert. Write for the Seeds at once, and in a few days you will be wearing this magnificent Ring that never fails to attract attention wherever it is. The Seed Supply Co. Dept. 8127 Toronto, Ont.

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THE PROSPEROUS KILLARNEY DISTRICT.

"By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays;
Bounteous Nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere.
Footprints leave on many strands,
But her Home is surely there.
Angels fold their wings in rest,
In that Eden of the West.
Beauty's Home—Killarney,
Ever fair Killarney."

The substantial and progressive town of Killarney is situated on the north bank of the lake of the same name in Southwestern Manitoba, at a point on the Pembina section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 164 miles in a southwesterly direction from the City of Winnipeg. The town has been known for years as the centre of one of the best districts of the West from an agricultural standpoint. Taking one year with another, the settlers, whether engaged in grain growing or mixed farming, have generally prospered. The handsome and substantial nature of the buildings of the town and country surrounding is a strong proof of this fact and of the faith the people have in continued success and prosperity. The many beautiful residences of the town as well as the handsome farm houses of the country, in most cases surrounded by beautiful groves of shade trees, go to show that the settlers are people of culture, taste and enterprise.

THE LAKE A SUMMER RESORT.

Lake Killarney is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by shade trees which afford protection from the hot summer

sun and through which are pleasant shaded walks, making it a popular haven of rest and recreation for the people of the district and to many from a distance. Its value in this respect is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is

THE SOIL.

The soil of the district is that black clay loam that has made Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat famous. Professional analysis has shown this soil to contain all the necessary elements for the suc-



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Farm Buildings of Fred Finkbeiner, two miles north of Killarney, Man., showing his first little log house and stable, and the present magnificent brick residence and barn.

surrounded by farm houses from which the best quality of fresh milk, cream, eggs, poultry and other produce can be secured to build up the tired or run down system.

Lake Killarney was known by the original Indians by a term which signified Oak Lake. The early settlers gave it its present pretty name because they saw in it a resemblance to the beautiful lakes of Killarney in Ireland.

cessful growing of wheat, and practical farmers have demonstrated the truth of the scientific researches by reducing the theories into practice and producing the best grains that can be grown. They have gone several steps further, by enterprise and big-hearted liberality, erected and maintained schools and churches; contributed to colleges; and demonstrated that the Province of Manitoba can produce men capable of holding their

cipal council:—Mayor, R. Monteith; Councillors, E. C. Marquis, J. Pritchard, John Lawrence, W. J. Cowan.

EDUCATION.

There is a handsome and commodious four room public school building in the town. The board of trustees for the current term consist of P. J. Sherlock, chairman; Charles Bate secretary-treasurer; and Dr. White.

READ THIS — but
UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR
GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS
are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.
Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.
When writing, please mention this paper.

It Will Pay You to Look Into This

J. M. BALDWIN,
Manager Union Bank

BALDWIN & SUTHERLAND

H. M. SUTHERLAND,
Collector H. M. Customs

THE LEADING REAL ESTATE AGENTS

KILLARNEY - MANITOBA

own and control the LAST block of GOOD wild lands in Southern Manitoba (the garden of the Province) which can now be obtained under \$10 per acre. This land could have been purchased two years ago for \$5 per acre; two years hence \$15 won't buy it. Be wise and BUY NOW. Terms to suit any responsible purchaser.

First-class grain lands, wood, water and hay abundant; near schools, churches, live railway towns (both C. P. R. and C. N. R.), with mills, elevators, etc. Right in the middle of an old, well settled and prosperous community—20 years' history of successful and profitable farming. No railway gamble or wilderness proposition in this, simply a matter of arithmetic; let us figure it out for you.

We have also a number of improved farms with GOOD buildings and large area under cultivation, and these on terms that will make them practically self-sustaining after first payment is made. We are after the man who says: "You have got to show me." We WANT to show you—come and see.

The teaching staff consists of F. C. Wilson, principal; Miss Hopwood, Miss McKinnon and Miss Vrooman.

RELIGION.

The spiritual needs of the community are well looked after by the following: Presbyterian church—Rev. M. P. Floyd, pastor.

Methodist church—Rev. G. H. McCullagh, pastor.

English church—Rev. W. R. Johnson, rector.

Hornerite church—Rev. Donly.

Miss Wallace, a professional nurse, is making arrangements to start a cottage hospital.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

The following fraternal societies are represented in the town:—Masons, Independent Order of Foresters, Sons of Scotland, Chosen Friends, Independent

facility for curling, hockey, skating, football, baseball, cricket and tennis.

WELL WATERED.

The small lakes and ponds scattered through the district supply an abundance of water for the live stock, while water for domestic purposes can be secured by digging wells to a depth of from eight to 50 feet.

DAIRY FARMING, ETC.

The conditions are very favorable for the establishment of dairy farms, mixed farming, grain growing, poultry keeping or live stock. The experience of successful men go to prove that every branch can be made profitable in this favored section of Manitoba, while the large quantities of farm products imported every year from the states and Eastern Canada into Manitoba prove

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

The Grand Central Hotel at Killarney is well known among commercial men as one of the most comfortable and best conducted hostleries in the province. The proprietor, Mr. James Fowle, was for many years a successful business man at Boissevain and is well and favorably known in Southwestern Manitoba. Visitors on business or those who desire to spend a few days on the lake will be well treated at the Grand Central.

T. LIDDLE, HARDWARE.

Mr. Liddle came to the district from Ireland sixteen years ago and although he has been in the hardware business for 23 years, is but a young man, only 38 years of age. He has done his full share in the building up of the town. He moved last year into the fine new store now occupied by him, which is well filled with heavy and shelf hardware. There is also a well equipped tin-smith shop in connection, where special attention is paid to roofing and furnace work.

THE SOUTHERN MANITOBA AGRICULTURE AND ARTS ASSOCIATION.

The Southern Manitoba and Arts Association is the development of the old Killarney electoral district agricultural society No. 1, which was gradually falling into decay under the old regime. The directors realizing that the only hope of a successful issue lay in devising and carrying out a modern and attractive up-to-date summer fair, at which recreation and education could be happily combined, broadened their field of action, combined with the Killarney Driving Park Association and became an incorporated body under the above title. A beautiful 45 acre park was secured immediately adjoining the town-site. The park contains many handsome groves of trees. Large buildings were erected. A fast half-mile track was laid out, and the whole surrounded by an eight-foot board fence. The fair was thoroughly advertised, with the result that from 8,000 to 10,000 people crowded the show each day of the last fair, heavy loaded special trains arriving from Brandon, Winnipeg and elsewhere, assuring the financial success of the fair. The handsome prizes offered brought out the finest exhibit of live stock ever seen in Southern Manitoba. For the year 1904 there will be still further improvements, additional stock barns and a judging pavilion will be erected and a spur track will be constructed from the railway to the grounds \$10,000 will be offered in prizes and for attractions. The provincial government, quick to recognize the success of the promoters and to encourage them in their efforts for the improvement of the agricultural position of the farmer, have granted the association \$2,500 to enable them to conduct their operations in 1904 J. G. Washington, the well known stock breeder of Ninga, Man., is the president, and H. M. Sutherland, of Killarney, Man., the secretary-treasurer of the organization.

It is better to say: "This one thing I do," than to say: "These forty things I dabble in."

T. LIDDLE'S
HARDWARE
STORE

Is a good place to go to for Hardware, Stoves, Graniteware, in fact everything for the Farmer, Contractor and Blacksmith. He is also agent for Myers' Pumps, Barn Door Rollers, Hay Cars, Steel Track and Slings, etc.

Stephens' Paints

For all purposes. The best is none too good. Stephens' is the best because it is made in Manitoba from Manitoba oil. Use it. We have carloads of Barb Wire, and the very best pure Blue Stone.

Pittsburg Hog and Cattle Fences; Page Hog, Cattle, Lawn Fences and Gates.

Tinshop complete in every detail, and prepared to do the best work that can be done anywhere. No job too large, none too small.

Bicycle Repair Shop.

You will find our prices reasonable. Give us a call next time.

T. LIDDLE
KILLARNEY

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Hissing means different things, according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in the assemblies by hissing him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence. In this country the hiss only has one meaning—disapproval.



LIDDLE'S HARDWARE STORE, KILLARNEY, MAN.

Order of Oddfellows, Canadian Order of Foresters, Ancient Order of United Workmen and the Orange Order.

ELEVATORS.

There are five standard elevators in the town and also a loading platform from which farmers load direct into the cars.

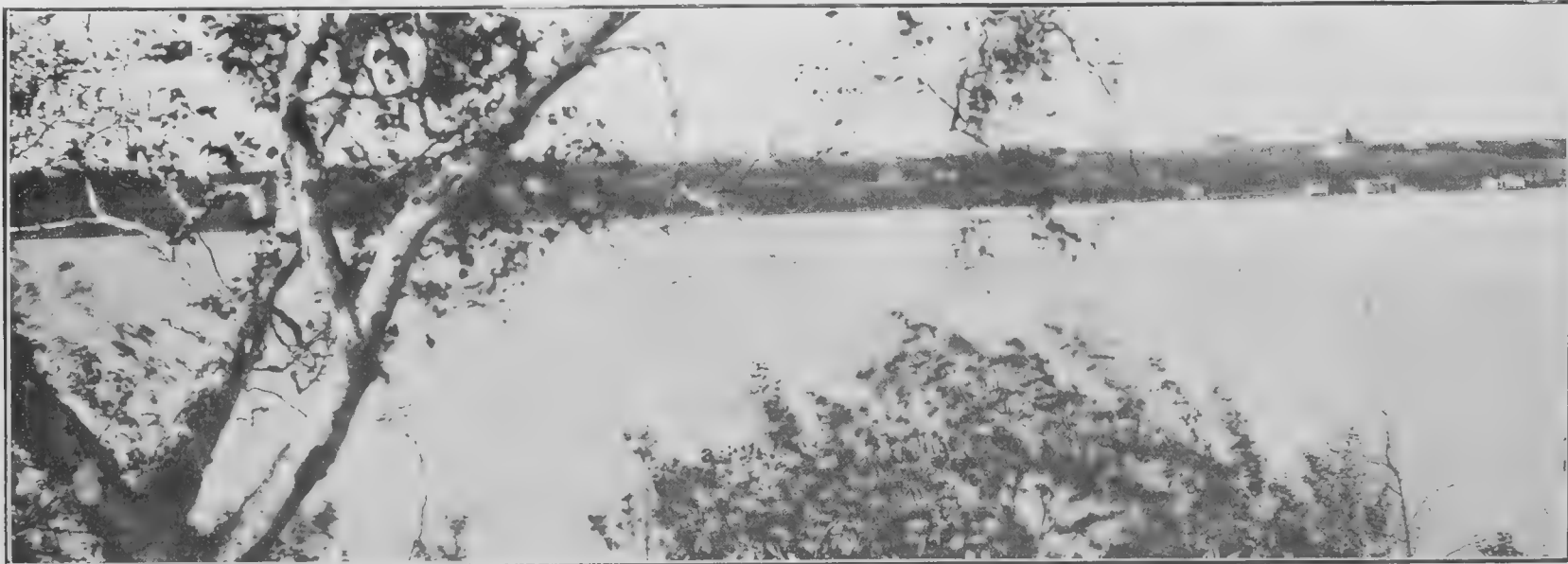
SPORTS.

There is good fishing in the immediate vicinity, Jack fish being found in Lake Killarney, in Long River, south of the town one mile, and Pembina River, three miles north. Pelican Lake, 12 miles northeast, abounds in Jack fish and pike. For those who like shooting there is an abundance of wild ducks, geese, prairie chickens (grouse), rabbits, Jack rabbits (hares). There is also every

that the supply is not yet equal to the demand.

H. M. SUTHERLAND, REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Sutherland emigrated to the province in 1879, and was engaged in the grain business until 1897, when he was appointed collector of customs and representative of the department of the interior, Ottawa. He also deals extensively in real estate and has a number of good farms for sale. Intending settlers will do well to consult him, as he is thoroughly conversant with the district. To those who may have a small capital to invest he can show good rent paying property that has the best of prospects for enhancing in value year by year.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF KILLARNEY, MAN., SHOWING THE TOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.

From Poverty to Affluence.

A lantern was hanging from a rafter that supported the low roof of a barn. Beneath its dim light a young man, with cap pulled over his ears to keep them warm, was currying a big mule. The application of the comb aroused the sensibilities of the animal, which, turning its head from side to side, threw back its long ears and tried to bite the young man, who, stepping aside, continued to administer the currycomb with vigor. Suddenly, the mule wheeled around, its hind feet shot out, and the hostler was

his first work, though lowly, had been done well. Young McGowan, as a driver, was so attentive to passengers, so gentle, particularly to children, that parents, sending their little ones to school, waited for his car, and thus his receipts were made greater than those of any other driver.

Sickness forced him to return to his father's farm, where he recovered health. He returned to Kansas City and was forced to take a temporary position—the place of a man who was sick. Two days later, McGowan was offered the place permanently, but he re-

and since that time his advancement in the business world has been rapid. But his increased prominence has come only as the result of a good record, and the application of the same faculty which he put into effect when he was a stable boy. The preliminary struggle had lasted ten years.

Hugh J. McGowan was thirty years old before he made one hundred dollars



Mr. and Mrs. James Fowlie and their three boys.



kicked into a corner of the barn. For a moment he was stunned, then he slowly regained consciousness. He tried to rise but dropped in pain; now and then he groaned; but there was no one to hear him. He managed to sit up, and finally, in great pain, staggered to his feet, leaned against the side of a stall for a moment, and drew a long breath. Then he returned to the mule, patted it gently on the back, and resumed his work. By five o'clock that morning about thirty animals had been made presentable for hauling street cars in Kansas City.

After finishing his work, the tired hostler went into the loft of the barn, where, in the new hay, he had made his bed, being too poor to hire a room.

Hugh J. McGowan was that hostler. To-day he is president and general manager of the Cincinnati Traction Company and of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company. He is a director in a number of large corporations, and his name is honored in financial circles of the Middle West. He traces his success and prosperity to the time when he was a green country boy, with little education, and, without one influential friend, was currying mules in the barn of the Kansas City Horse Car Company at twenty-five dollars a month. He did his work well and studied every spare moment.

But the manager of the line observed that the mules were better groomed than ever before, and he learned that a country boy, Hugh J. McGowan, was taking care of them. One day, while he was inspecting the barn, he said to the young hostler: "Hugh, how would you like to drive a car?" That was to be his first promotion. It followed because

he refused to crowd out a sick man.

Again he turned to the man who had employed him as a stable boy. The street car manager, who was also a police commissioner, used his influence and McGowan, for some time thereafter, wore the uniform of the police department. Soon he had the best record on the force for arresting criminals. He did not drink. He never loafed. In four months he was made a sergeant. Then he became an acting police cap-

tain, and was twice elected a county marshal. He was being urged to take a nomination, for a third term, as marshal, when the change came that placed him in the sphere in which he is now so prominent.



GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, KILLARNEY, MAN.

General Francis V. Greene, president of the Barber Asphalt Company, went to Kansas City to employ an agent there. Among those who recommended Mr. McGowan for the place was the street car manager for whom he had curried mules. McGowan was appointed,

Suet Pudding.—A suet pudding which can be highly recommended is made as follows: Mix together half a cupful of well shredded and chopped beef suet, one cupful of stale breadcrumbs, a cupful of flour thoroughly sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolks and whites of three eggs beaten separately and enough milk to make a moderately stiff batter. Steam in a mold for three hours. This may be served with a soft custard sauce.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

Rates, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day. Newly furnished throughout. Good sample rooms. Livery in connection.

JAMES FOWLIE,
Proprietor.

KILLARNEY,
MANITOBA

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MONEY

Any one can spare \$2.00 per month, and with that amount, and upwards, you can GET RICH if you only know where to invest it. If prepared to do business send 4 cent stamp for references and particulars, otherwise don't answer. Address, FRANK H. WRAY & CO., Brokers, 533 Broadway, New York.

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The Western Home Monthly.

The Woman who Worried.

Let me sing you a song of a woman I knew,
Who always was flurried and hurried;
Don't ask me her name, if it's all the same,
Just call her "The Woman Who Worried."

There was ever the battle with rust and moth,
For moths were slyer than foxes;
And so, poor thing, she spent all the spring
Putting things into bundles and boxes.

She worried at morn and she worried at noon,
And worried when night descended,
For without some hurry and without some worry,
The day hadn't been well ended.

And she'd carry her burden of household cares
Till sleep put an end to her labors;
And the dog ran away, and he went to stay,
And the cat went to live at a neighbor's.

And the children stayed out of doors when they could,
For mother was always hurried,
And noise and dirt were the things that hurt
The woman who worried and worried.

And her face grew long, and peaked and thin,
And she once was a beauty, they said;
But she worries no more—there was crape on the door,
For the woman who worried was dead.

And her husband married again—he did,
And never before had he hurried;
But looking around, a woman he found,
A woman who never had worried.

—Farm Journal.



FARM BUILDINGS OF GEO. MCCULLOCH, NEAR KILLARNEY, MAN

Flowers from the Holy Land.

Flowers from the Holy Land will be one of the interesting features at the World's Fair. The display will differ from the American florists' exhibits, in that all specimens are pressed and dried.

"A curious thing about the flora of Palestine," says S. P. Forest, who will have charge of the display, "is that while the wild flowers grow in the greatest profusion, domestic flowers cannot be cultivated there. The flow-



STOCK BARN OF JAS. CHAPMAN, KILLARNEY, MAN.



FARM HOUSE OF JAS. CHAPMAN, KILLARNEY MANITOBA.

The Optimist.

Never rains where Jim is—
People kickin', whinin';
He goes around insistin'.
"Sun is almost shinin'!"

Never's hot where Jim is—
When the town is sweatin'
He jes' sets and answers.
"Well, I ain't a-frettin'!"



DISCOVERS A NEW TOOTH.

Never's cold where Jim is—
None of us misdoubt it,
Seein' we're nigh frozen!
He "ain't thought about it."

Things that rile up others
Never seem to strike him!
"Trouble-proof," I call it,
Wisht that I was like him!



BOATING SCENE ON LAKE KILLARNEY, MAN.



THE JONES, ESTATE, LYONSHALL,

Near Killarney, Man. The little Pembina River runs through the property.

ers are, therefore, just the same as they were 1900 years ago, and are the same as those which our Savior saw."

The blooming season in Palestine lasts only from January till May, and in that trying climate the delicate blossoms wither and shrivel so quickly that the greatest expedition is necessary to press and dry them.

If You are Well Bred.

You will be kind.
You will not use slang.
You will try to make others happy.
You will not be shy or self-conscious.
You will never indulge in ill-natured gossip.

You will never forget the respect due to age.

You will think of others before you think of yourself.

You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.

You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.

You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.

You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind.

In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.

You will never make fun of the peculiarities of idiosyncracies of others.

You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.

You will never under any circumstances cause another pain, if you can help it.

You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.

You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors.

You will not sulk or feel neglected if others receive more attention than you do.

You will not have two sets of manners; one for "company" and one for home use.

YOU CAN MAKE \$3 TO \$10 A DAY

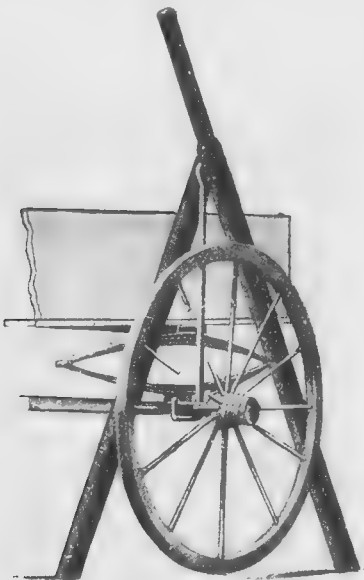
Fitting glasses for us. Big profits. Our 24-page FREE EYE BOOK tells how. Write for it today.

JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE. DEPT. 2095, JACKSON, MICH. When writing, please mention this paper.

Garden and Flowers

Lifting Jack.

A recent invention, says the Scientific American, provides a very simple device for lifting the axles of vehicles, to permit removal of the wheels. A glance at the illustration will reveal the construction of the device, and the method of operating it to lift the axle. It comprises two wooden bars and a swinging or suspension bar, which are all pivoted together at a common point by a single bolt. The longer one of the wooden bars is provided with a handle, by which the device may be operated. The hanger piece consists of a flat metallic bar bent to form a foot piece at its lower end. It is loosely suspended from the bolt between the bars, being spaced apart from the latter by means of washers to permit free movement. In using the lifting jack, the wooden bars are placed astride of the axle. The freely-moving hanger falls against the axle, and quickly adjusts itself to any height of the axle when it is lifted so that when the handle of the longer bar is pulled backward or forward, according to the position in which it is placed, the hook of the hanger is brought upwardly against the



IMPROVED LIFTING JACK.

axle, and lifts the wheel clear of the ground, after which a movement of the hand or foot of the operator presses the shorter bar into engagement with the ground, and firmly secures the jack in position. When the axle is thus suspended, it is so securely held by the jack that a chance lateral movement of the vehicle or a forward or backward movement of ten or twelve inches may be made without loosening or dropping the axle, because the swinging hanger adjusts itself to the position of the axle. In fact, the hanger prevents the vehicle from moving down a slight incline, such as a slanting washing floor. The bars of the jack are of sufficient height to permit the device to be easily adjusted to an axle without stooping or requiring the operator to pass between the wheels and the body or the shafts of the vehicle.

Where Wild Flowers Grow.

It is announced that the wild garden at the St. Louis World's Fair grounds is one of Nature's beauty bowers. So great is its extent and so thick are the flowers and shrubs that one may retire within its bounds, and for the time being put out of mind all of the great exhibits and confusion.

The visitor may stroll into the wild garden that is not marred by a single roadway. He may seek the shade of a giant oak, and may rest his tired body on a bed of downy turf, and he may revel among the buttercups and daisies, the sweet williams and the dainty little violets, and he may inhale the fragrance so freely given forth by the wild rose, the wild honeysuckle and the clematis. He may turn and listen to the babble of

the brook as it runs through the garden, over its rocky bed and beneath the exposed roots of gnarled oaks that stand near its course. The water, as it wells from the earth, is as clear as crystal, and it glistens in the sunlight as it pours over miniature falls on its way to a graceful lake, still within the garden's bounds, where grow the cat-tail, the graceful wild water lily, the chinck-a-pin, the water hyacinth, the wild grasses, and all the aquatic plants indigenous to the Mississippi valley.

The wild garden is one of the delights of Superintendent Hadkinson, who personally laid out the garden and directed the planting. On the west side of the Palace of Agriculture, south of the centre, was a strip of hillside with a western slope that covered two acres. Near its centre was a natural little ravine, and near the roadway, on the eastern border of the plot, was a spring. The engineers wanted to fill up the ravine, but Mr. Hadkinson overruled them, and he made this the most attractive part of the wild garden. Many wagon loads of gravel and stone from the creek beds in the country were obtained and used for lining the bed of the brook. Ferns and wild grasses were installed along its path. An artificial lake at the western side was made and the bottom and banks were planted with the flowers and plants that would naturally grow there.

Clumps of elder and sumac, wild roses and blackberry, were installed in appropriate places. Wild grass was sown and the ox-eyed daisy, violet, buttercup, and the hundreds of other beautiful wild flowers were planted, not in beds but in the grass, and they go to make up such a carpet as many a one who has always lived in a city or town would never dream could exist.

There is a bunch of golden rod. Here the golden glow. Yonder is an old king of the forest that succumbed to a mighty storm. Its dead limbs and gnarled trunk are concealed with thick-growing Virginia creepers and trumpet vines. Here may be seen jack in the pulpit, and groves of May apples spreading their green umbrellas over the grass. There may be found the Jimson weed, with its beautiful lavender blossom; the poke berry, with its cluster of grape-like fruit from which the boy in the country used to make red ink; the Indian turnip, with its bright red flower and roots of fire.

Every wild flower and shrub indigenous to the Mississippi and Missouri valleys will be shown in this two-acre space.

T. W. BOYD
& SON,
MONTREAL.



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We send our 250 page—illustrated catalogue free on receipt of 6c. in stamps to help pay postage. No matter what your sport is you should have a copy.

With it you can choose your equipment for field or indoor sports, for summer or winter, just as well as by calling at any store, and cheaper, as we make special prices for our catalogue goods and our trade is so large we can sell you almost as cheap as some dealers pay for their goods. Here are a few leading lines: BICYCLES, and sundries, BASEBALL, Lacrosse, Football, GOLF, Tennis, FISHING TACKLE, Guns, RIFLES, Revolvers, Ammunition, Traps, Targets, SKATES, Hockey Sticks, SNOWSHOES, Toboggans, Punching Bags, BOXING GLOVES, Camping Equipment, FIELD GLASSES, WATCHES.

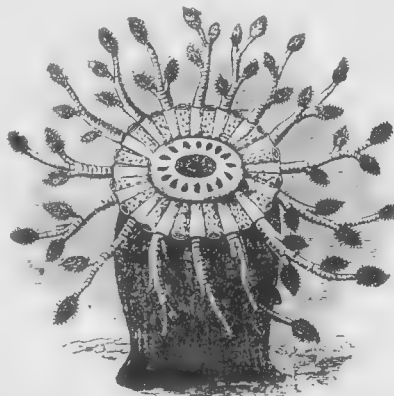
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The Sea Anemone.

There seems to be no end to the wonders found in the ocean belonging to the animal, mineral and the vegetable kingdom.

Among the wonders of the animal



collection is the pretty anemone, which we accurately illustrate. It is as beautiful as any flower. Let the florist match it, if he can, from all the treasures of the garden or greenhouse; and when he has done so, tell him that his specimen is only a plant, but that your sea beauty is an animal; which, though it often for a long time remains on a particular rock, can move itself at will from one part of the sea to another. Dainty, brilliant and marvelous, it stands a monument to testify to the wonders and perfection of creation.

Flowering Beans.

A writer in Park's Floral Magazine says: The scarlet runner and white runner beans are desirable for tubs and rockeries, exposed to the northwest winds. By keeping the pods picked they will bloom until the frosts destroy the vines. One pretty tub that I had last summer was filled with geraniums, with a margin of bean vines trailing over the sides, and reaching to the ground.

Feverfew.

O, Feverfew,
Always so true,
With your blossoms snowy white.
There are flowers, I know,
That make better show,
Yet by some you're not treated right.

I know that the dew
Has often kissed you,
As it has any other flower;
And that, from the sun,
His affection you've won,
For he smiles on you by the hour.

O, Feverfew,
Why need care you,
If you have no sweet perfume—
When the kiss of the dew,
And the sun's smile so true
Give you courage to grow and bloom.

The Old Homestead.

The old house stands beside the wood,
As it for ages past has stood;
Surrounding trees have lost their leaves,
Disclosing crumbling shutters old;
The roof o'ergrown with moss and mold,
And swallows' nests beneath the eaves.

The stone fence lays a shapeless heap;
The wild Clematis vines still creep
Along the walls in diverse ways;
The grass o'er grows the graveled walks;
While through deserted rooms there stalks
The silent ghosts of other days.

Made Everything Fresh.

"How fresh the rain makes everything," she said, gazing around after the shower.

"Oh, yes," he said eagerly. "See how the flowers look up and rejoice; see how the grass exults; all nature seems to smile, and my love for you after the silence with which you have treated me these last few days is merely like these flowers after the shower, fresher and sweeter than ever."

"Yes," she resumed "the shower has made everything fresh, even you."

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And **BUY** at **RIGHT PRICES** Can Readily be Done by

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**THOROUGHLY
RELIABLE**

THE BEST THAT GROW

**Selected FARM and
GARDEN**

SEEDS

A TRIAL IS ALL WE ASK

PERFECT SATISFACTION ASSURED

It only costs you 1c. to send us postal card with your name and address and the addresses of any of your neighbors who use seeds and we shall be pleased to send you our **Illustrated 1904 Seed Catalogue**. Kindly remember Manitoba is as easily reached by mail as Quebec—takes a little longer, but gets there just the same.

WM. EWING & CO. SEED MERCHANTS 142-146 McGill St., MONTREAL
(DEPT. E)

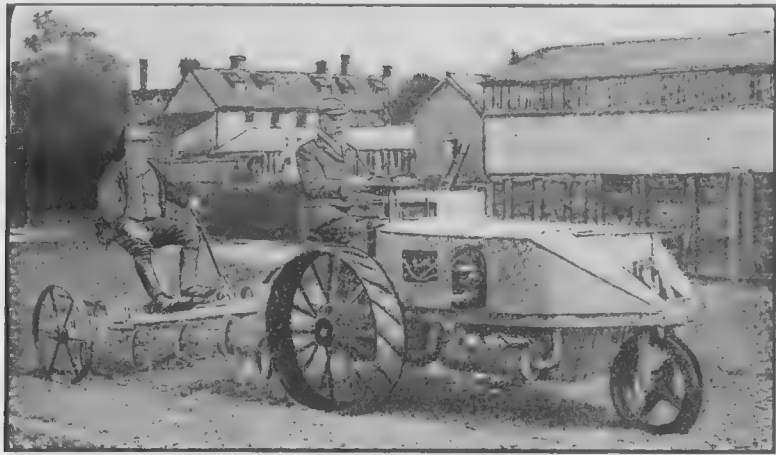
When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Ivel Agricultural Motor.

For two years there has been at work in England a new portable petrol agricultural motor, the invention of Mr. Dan Albone of the Ivel Motor Works, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. It is evidently adapted to Western Canada.

This new motor, says the Scientific American, has been designed and made chiefly for the use of farmers. It is constructed to draw mowers, reapers, plows, scufflers, wagons, etc., by attaching these machines to the back of the motor. The connection is formed by taking out the long pole of the mower, and substituting a shorter one, the lat-

est, an acre and that less time was taken than formerly when horse labor had been employed. Besides this, two noises and a man were dispensed with for the motor, and a piece of oat stubble land was plowed. The work was declared by farmers, who witnessed the trials, to be exceedingly well done, the furrows being even and of good depth. Cultivators were also tried attached to the motor and the work in this case was equally well done. The motor plow can easily cut two furrows in one operation, about 20 inches wide and 5 inches deep. There is no doubt that in agricultural operations there is a great future before the mechanically propelled vehicle. Hith-



The Ivel Motor Hauling a Scuffler.

ter being joined to the motor by a spring coupling. Almost any agricultural machine can be attached to the motor in a few minutes, and apart from working in the field it can be utilized on the farm for cutting chaff, pulping roots, grinding corn, and other operations.

The petrol motor is an 8 horse power double-cylinder with water circulation. It has electric ignition, one speed forward and reverse, and it is claimed that any ordinary intelligent farm hand could drive it after a few lessons. The engine is free, and when put in motion a friction clutch is employed to transmit the power through an intermediate shaft to the balance gear shaft of road wheels, by means of patent silent-running chains. The wheels have extra wide rims with grips on to prevent them from skidding round. The machine complete weighs 17 hundredweight 7 pounds, and for travelling on the high road detachable rubber pads are attached to the rims of the wheels by means of thumb screws. These rubber pads lessen the vibration and enable the motor to run more silently than it would do otherwise. They are easily fitted or taken off in a very short time.

The cost of fuel and necessities in

erto in Great Britain the stationary engine has been almost exclusively employed, though in some places traction engines are used to draw plows, mowers, reapers, binders, etc., across the fields. The motor in the field itself running up and down the land is a new departure in England, and there is no doubt that such a motor as the Ivel will prove of very great value to the farmer.

A Pioneer on Wheat Grading.

Mr. W. Lothian, a pioneer farmer of the Pipestone district, who has resided there for the past twenty-three years, in an address before the farmers' institute of that section urged upon his hearers the advisability of paying more attention to the study of wheat grading, mentioning that it was a singular fact that the grain growers of Western Canada knew less about the market grading of wheat they produced than any other manufacturers or producers.

Under present conditions everything is left to the honesty and judgment of the grain buyer, where by a little trouble and study every wheat grower should be in a position to know before



The Ivel Motor Driving a Threshing Machine.

running the new agricultural is very small and Mr. Dan Albone claims that it works out considerably less than the cost of horse labor.

The Ivel agricultural motor has been employed in harvesting operations in Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and other English counties. The motor attached to a 6-foot reaper and binder cut heavy crops of wheat and it was found that the cost of fuel worked out at about

leaving his farm what his load of wheat should grade.

Mr. Lothian also urged upon the members of the institute to go more extensively into the culture of trees and beautifying of the farm home, urging that there was a great deal of enjoyment and profit in the work.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.

Sunshine and Music.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

The Farmer's Reverie.

Th' nights is gittin' shorter an' th' days
is gittin' long,
An' yest'day, i-jing, I heer'd a robin red-
breast's song;
Jes' let me say in passin' when a robin
starts tew sing
Thet it's a shore-nuff sign we naint so
fur away from spring.
I calkilate th' grass is sproutin' some
beneath th' snow;
Th' sap is sort o' thawin' an' a-tryin'
hard tew flow;
Th' crow looks down an' sasses ez he
flies past on th' wing,
An', somehow, things begin tew sort o'
smell tew me like spring.
'Fore long I'll be a-traipsin' on th' hill
behind the plow—
Inste'd o' settin' 'fore th' fire like I'm
a-doin' now—
A-lis'nin' in the furrow fer th' dinner
bell tew ring—
A-cussin' Jeff an' Kate an' kind o' happy
cus it's spring.
Some folks prefers the winter time an'
sum prefers th' fall,
While summer time suits others, yit, it,
sumhow, don't suit all.
Es fur es I'm consarned, ef I could hev
my choice, i-jing,
I reckon I would hev th' hull endurin'
year jes' spring.

When You Have Your Picture Taken.

Don't wait until the afternoon, if you are going to get the best results from a photograph. Go early in the day.

Don't expect to get a photograph which will please you, if you are fatigued when sitting.

Don't hurry. Haste makes the face red, and red comes out dark in a picture a result not desirable where complexion is concerned.

Don't get out of temper, a condition which brings lines to the face, and spoils the expression.

Don't choose a day when the sunshine is too bright, or every imperfection will be more strongly developed.

A well lighted cloudy day is best. Don't wear dead white. Cream white is prettier and more effective; indeed, the best color for a dress.

Don't wear dead black. It gives a hard, dense tone.

Don't wear tan or yellow, or lavender; they take badly. Gray takes white, and sky blue generally comes out white.

Don't wear silk or satin. Nothing comes out so badly as the glimmer of silk or gloss of satin. Woollens, crepes or velvets are preferable.

Don't be afraid of wearing lace. The line between flesh and dress should be softened by it.

Don't wear diamonds or rubies. Jewels are best left at home, though pearls may be worn.

Don't wear screw earrings; they will look like lumps or protuberances.

The largest glass bottles ever blown were recently made at the plant of the Illinois Glass Company for exhibition at the world's fair. The capacity of each bottle is forty-five gallons. It was not until after many unsuccessful attempts that the bottles were made. Four perfect bottles were produced. Each stands nearly six feet high and measures about sixteen inches across the bottom. The men who blew the bottles each supplied about eleven thousand cubic inches of air.

Ostriches Trained for Driving.

Ostriches can travel at great speed. This has long been known, and the day may not be far distant when ostriches will be seen in all large cities drawing sulkies and other light vehicles. An ostrich was trained in Florida and proved from the start very docile and intelligent. When he was backed between the shafts of a carriage he did not "buck" or kick, as many a young horse is apt to do, but stood stolidly as though his ancestors for generations had been obedient to the bit and bridle. After he was harnessed it took a good while to impress on his mind the fact that he would not be allowed to speed as fast over the country roads and streets as he would naturally do in a desert, but even this he learned in time, and now it is said this wonderful bird is fully trained and can draw a sulky for many miles at an extraordinary speed. The achievement of this ostrich is of unusual interest to owners of ostrich farms, and some of them are preparing to train several of their young birds as this ostrich was trained. They argue that a race between ostriches, harnessed to sulkies, would be a most novel sight, and, in view of the great speed of the birds, that such a sport would certainly become popular.

Stone Found 25 Feet Below Surface.

A subscriber from Saskatoon, Sask., furnishes us with a photograph of a stone found at Saskatoon on January 18, 1904, 25 feet below the surface of the ground.

It is generally supposed to be the top of a stone jar and must have been made by the Mound Builders. Although



as hard as stone, where chips have been broken off it is porous like pottery. It is about 3½ in. by 1½ in. and is well shaped except where pieces were broken out by the pick. In the photo it is standing on the broken side. The stone was found in a bed of blue clay and at a point five or six hundred yards from the river, so that if the water ever flowed where the stone was found it must have been centuries ago.

"Nelly, Shake Hands."

One day my brother was driving in the country when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming: "Hallo! that used to be my horse."

"Guess not," replied my brother. "I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me she came from Boston."

"M'm!" said the man. "What do you call her?"

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of "Pink."

"Ho," said the man, "that isn't her name."

Suddenly he cried out sharply, "Nelly!"

Quick as a flash the horse pricked up her ears and looked around.

"Nelly," said the man, stepping in front of her, "shake hands!"

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

"Now give us the other hand, Nelly," And she raised her left forefoot.

"There!" said the smiling man, "d'ye suppose that wasn't my horse?"

—Our Dumb Animals.

Progressive Canada

The annual report of the department of the interior for the year ending June 1903, has been issued. In it Mr. Smart, the deputy minister, says:

"Never has Canada commanded so much attention in Great Britain and the United States and abroad as it does at the present moment, and while many favorable causes have no doubt contributed to bring its immense resources prominently before the world, none in this respect have had a more powerful effect than the wonderful richness of the western agricultural fields and the opportunities afforded to those who have already settled in Western Canada to materially improve their social condition. Now that the tide of immigration to this country has assumed such large proportions and a permanency of character which fully justify Canadians in viewing the possibilities of the future with sentiments of national pride, it seems remarkable that this great agricultural wealth should have remained dormant and ignored for so many years when millions of land seekers from the old land were overcrowding themselves in the neighboring republic to the south of us. Not only was Canada not an attractive field for settlement, but it has required the most persistent and vigorous propaganda to dispel the erroneous ideas and deep-rooted prejudices which existed, even amongst the educated and better classes, as to the climatic conditions of Canada, and the possibilities of its resources. Fortunately this state of things has been considerably changed to-day, and it is gratifying to know that the machinery at the disposal of the government for controlling the movement of immigration into Canada is such that no heterogeneous elements that may be brought into Canada can ever alter the national character which was developed amongst the people of Canada at the time when the country was ignored and which is stronger to-day than at any time in its history."

The receipts from all sources during the year were \$2,418,355, an increase of \$699,960 over the previous year. The homestead fees were \$320,407, compared with \$144,425 for the preceding year.

"When it is considered," says Mr. Smart, "that some years ago the opinion was entertained that owing to the then prevailing conditions in the Northwest, which were believed to be of a permanent character, the sale and disposal of the public lands would never produce sufficient revenue to defray the expense of their administration, it is certainly a source of great satisfaction to realize that to-day there has been such a favorable turn in this relation that the administration of the vacant lands of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories and the settlement of that part of the country not only are not a burden upon the rest of the community but that a very substantial surplus of revenue is being derived therefrom, with every indication of improvement in the future. The gross revenue in cash alone was \$2,244,062.21, or an increase of \$702,346.26 over the previous year.

"During the past fiscal year 31,383 entries for free homesteads were granted to settlers locating in Western Canada. It is the largest number of entries ever granted by the department. The land thus disposed of covered an area, taking the theoretical area of a homestead of 160 acres, of 5,021,280 acres. This

Smart says: "There can be no question that the most important branch of the government service is that respecting immigration, as the increase in population necessarily affects the consuming and productive forces of the country. The trade and commerce, the revenue, the development of the mine, of the fisheries, of the forest, of agriculture, are regulated by and largely dependent upon the number of citizens who compose the community. This is especially true of a country like Canada, whose boundless areas of arable land are its first and permanent source of wealth. It is, there-

fully justifies the large expenditure of public moneys which is annually incurred in this relation. The approximate expenditure during the fiscal year, 1902-1903 chargeable against immigration from the following countries, not including the expenses connected with the reception and location of immigrants, was as follows:

Continent of Europe, \$50,000; Great Britain and Ireland, \$205,000; United States, \$164,000.

The per capita cost of immigrants during the same period as compared with 1902 was as follows:

	1902.	1903.
Continental	\$2.44	\$1.61
British	7.01	4.95
United States	6.74	3.25
Average per capita	5.29	3.31

The total average cost of, including expenditure in caring for and locating settlers in Canada, was \$5.02, or a reduction of \$2.32 over the preceding year, and of \$4.32 over the year 1900-1901.

Postal "Don'ts."

Don't forget to put your name and address in upper left-hand corner of envelope or package, so that it can be returned in case mail is not deliverable.

Don't use poor paper, envelopes or wrappers.

Don't use weak ink.

Don't leave off the name of street, post office, state or country when addressing your mail.

Don't let the address take up all the space; leave room for postage stamp and postmark.

Don't fail to weigh your matter before buying stamps.

Don't forget the slightest fraction over the exact weight requires another rate of postage.

Don't buy envelopes or wrappers having mucilage that won't stick.

Don't put valuables or money in unregistered letters.

Don't send money in an ordinary letter; buy a money order or register it.

Great Blunders of Life.

Here are some "Blunders," written down by five hundred men, and to be found in the Crerar Library:

"The greatest blunder of my life was gambling."

"When I left my church and mother."

"My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke."

"When I left school before I was past the fourth grade."

"Did not stick to my trade."

"Was to fool away my time when I was at school."

"Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work."

"Thinking that my boss could not do without me."

"Refused a steady position with a good firm."

"Would not hearken to the advice of older people."

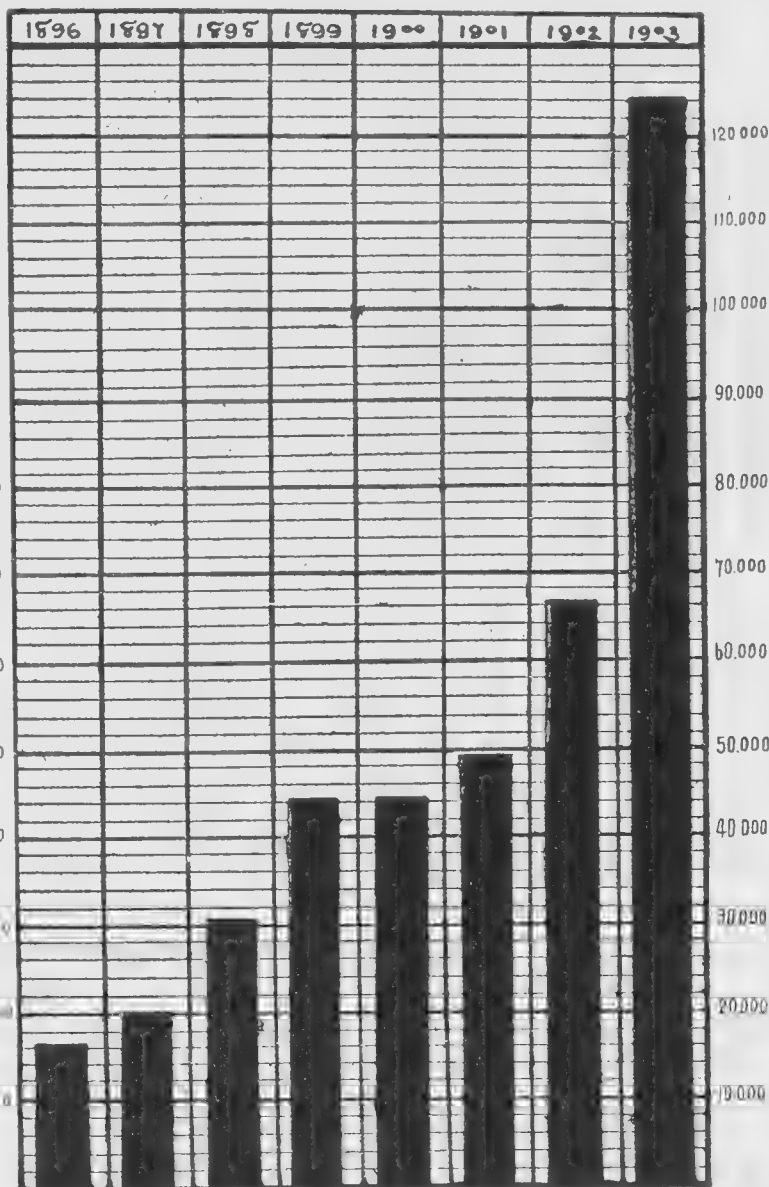
"Not saving money when I was young."

"Beating some one out of money."

"Did not stick to anything."

"Careless about religious duties."

"Did not take care of my money."



Canada's Increasing Immigration.

added to the 4,224,011 disposed of by companies and the 137,235 sold by the department, gives a grand total of 9,387,561 acquired for settlement during the year. From the rapid rate at which settlement is now pouring in, the question of throwing open vast areas of agricultural land lying north of the organized districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta is one which may demand consideration at an earlier date than was not long ago anticipated."

On the subject of immigration, Mr.

fore, a matter of paramount importance that Canada, the northern and largest half of the continent of North America, so rich in varied resources, should receive without delay its fair share of the desirable class of immigrants, who find it to their advantage to leave the overcrowded districts of their native lands to better their condition elsewhere. The increase of the present population of Canada by a class of healthy, thriving and law-abiding settlers is therefore an object which, from a national standpoint,



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APRIL, 1904.

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow white flowers upon my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness.
And fold my hands with lingering caress;
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

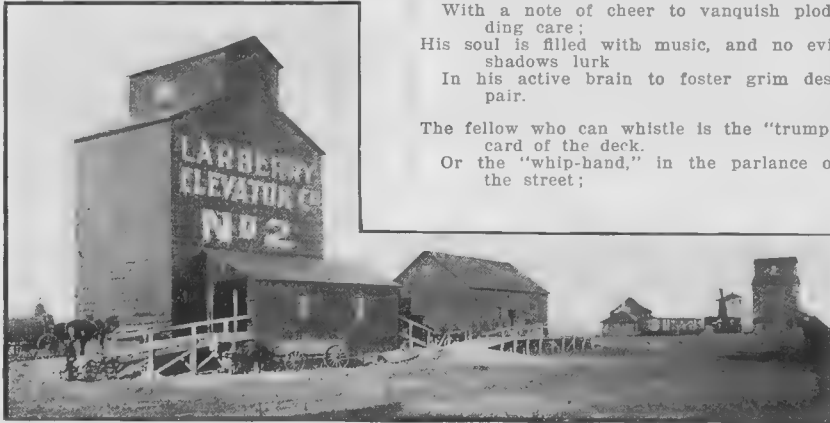
If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And softening the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friend, I pray to-night!
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;

The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

The Tenderfoot.

I have a soft spot in my heart for a tenderfoot, for I have been one myself,



and have had people take a hearty snicker at my awkward ways of doing things that I have since learned to do as "slick" as most folks. I have had a good deal to do in my time with raw beginners and helped to make more out of them than I ever expected. The young fellow who by natural aptitude can hit off most things he tries has a big start of the mere plodder, but a tenderfoot who has a fair share of temper and pluck to keep him going when the other fellow would give in, is in the long run a dangerous man to compete with and the very last man that can with safety be laughed at. Don't ever laugh at him if you are wise—some day the laugh may go the other way.
—Contributed.

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The Fellow who can Whistle.

The fellow who can whistle when the world is going wrong
Is the fellow who will make the most of life;
No matter what may happen, you will find him brave and strong—
He's the fellow who will conquer in the strife.

The fellow who can whistle when the whole world seems to frown
Is the kind of man to stand the battle's brunt;
He's got the proper metal, and you cannot keep him down,
For he's just the sort that's needed at the front.

The fellow who can whistle is the fellow who can work.
With a note of cheer to vanquish plodding care;
His soul is filled with music, and no evil shadows lurk
In his active brain to foster grim despair.

The fellow who can whistle is the "trump" card of the deck.
Or the "whip-band," in the parlance of the street;

There is no room for pessimists, but give to us the man
Who can whistle when the world is going wrong.
—Lippincott's.

Don'ts for Home-Makers.

Don't forget to consider well your kitchen in all of its details. It is the cooking department of your home and should be kept in order.

Don't throw away any slices of stale bread. Put them in a pan and set them in a hot oven; when dry, roll finely and use in place of cracker-dust.

Don't keep your kitchen closet slovenly and out of order. Let all shelves be lined with paper or oilcloth used for the purpose. On one shelf keep dry groceries and flavoring extracts. Reserve another for tins, another for iron pots and utensils of a cooking nature.

Don't fail to keep the bedroom closets



ELEVATORS OF CARBERRY, MAN.

No petty cares nor trifles can his buoyant spirit check,
For a sunny heart can never know defeat.

The fellow who can whistle—he is built on nature's plan,
And he cheers his tolling fellow men along;

in order; shoes should be in their place, and all dresses and waists hung up by loops of ribbon or tape.

Don't hang on your dressing-table all sorts of knick-knacks; two silk bags for collars and handkerchiefs are quite enough.

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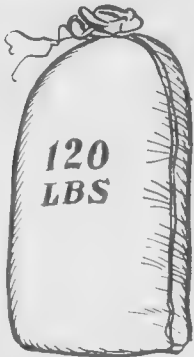
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Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the May issue.

Puzzle.



1. What stuff do I represent?

2. Behead a flower three times and find an animal and leave a covering for the hand; behead again and have a deep affection.

3. How is it that you and I cannot dine together?

4. Why are men of china easily broken?

5. Why is modesty the strongest characteristic of a watch?

6. What has eyes but cannot see?

7. My first is in scent, but not in lent; My next is in about and not in scout;

My third is in lamp, but not in scamp;

My last is in table, but not in sable. My whole is a mineral used in every house.

8. As I went over London Bridge I met a London scholar; he took off his hat an' drew off his coat an' drew off his vest. Now tell me the name of that scholar.

9. Why is a rheumatic parson like a glass window?

10. Why do soldiers feel tired on the first of April?

Answers to Puzzles in March Issue.

1—A pair of braces.

2—A vile old woman, with evil intent, put on her veil and away she went. Oh, Levi! she cried, give me, I pray, the wherewithal to live this day.

3—His equal.

4—Lantern.

5—Ice.

6—Because he is a little horse (hoarse).

7—To keep up his trousers.

8—Because he puts down three and carries one.

9—Rope.

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Magic Bridge Game.

The "Magic Bridge" is a delightful game for a good company of children. In the first place they all join hands and form a ring. If the number is large there should be four bridges at the quarter points of the ring, these being numbered one, two, three and four—one opposite three and two opposite four. The bridges are formed



A LAPLAND FAMILY.

by two children, who raise their joined hands for the others to pass under. Perhaps mamma or a friend will play some bright, familiar tune on the piano, which all the children must follow, singing, "Tra-la-la, tra-la-la," as they dance and skip along, keeping step to the music. They go one or more times round in a circle, then the leader indicates where a "bridge" is to be made. Two children raise their joined hands, and the two children standing opposite in the ring cross the centre of the circle. All the others following after pass under the "bridge." Then, turning to the left and right, respectively, the two lines follow the path of the circle as first formed, meet, join hands again, and a new circle is formed. Another bridge appears as if by magic, and the children opposite it lead again through it, the while keeping merry with song and step. This is a very pretty game.

"Jingle Bells" Game.

"Jingle Bells" is a jolly frolic which can be played by any number of small children. Let mamma harness up the children for a "team." That is to say, they should have a string of small bells around their necks and a cambric or tartan rope for the "tackle"—the children taking hold of it by twos, except the last in the line, who acts as "driver." The pianist must then play a little galop while the children, keeping step to the music, trot at a merry pace. The leaders hurry on, making devious turns to right and left, and the trot proves so delightful that they are never ready to stop until a very long journey has been made.

The Game of Boston.

An improvement on "Blindman's buff" is the game of "Boston," in which all are seated except the "Blindman," who stands in the centre of the room. Each has a number, and Blindman calls out, "Numbers 2, 7, 15, 6, change seats." Then the aforesaid numbers creep stealthily about, avoiding Blindman, who tries to catch someone. If he succeeds, he must guess whom he has caught, and if he guesses aright he takes a seat and the number of the one caught, who now becomes Blindman, and calls out numbers. Occasionally the cry is, "All change places," and a wild scramble ensues, when somebody is sure to be caught.—Guardian Friend.

Easter Dawn.

Tall lilies rise like votaries,—
With love and joy inpearled,—
And perfumes meet in concord sweet
Around the rescued world.
Christ conquers Death, and radiant faith
Comes like an irised dove
From heights where bloom, beyond the tomb,
The lilies of His love.



Boys and Girls

Awful.

There is a little maiden
Who has an awful time;
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine.

She has two little brothers.
Her tasks are awful hard;
Her playmates are awful rough
When playing in the yard.



She has an awful kity
Who often shows her claws:
A dog who jumps upon her dress
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an awful little nose.
With awful cunning dimples,
And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers.
And they are awful boys:
With their awful drums and trumpets
They make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common sense,
Come and this maid defend;
Or else I fear her awful life
Will have an awful end.

—Waverly Magazine.

If I Were a Boy.

If I were a boy, says Bishop Vincent, in an exchange, with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other and I should chew it well, and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours, even if I had to have four meals a day. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum and patent medicine; never once go to bed without cleaning my teeth, never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when the time came for getting up; never fail, every day, to rub every part of my body with a wet towel, and then with a dry one; never drink more than three or four tablespoonfuls of ice water at one time. All this takes will power—and that is all it does take.

If I were a boy I would keep my own secrets, except as I revealed them to my father or mother, for the sake of securing their advice.

I should not put unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my memory and imagination, and no foul words on my tongue.

I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants; be tender toward the unfortunate—all this I should strive to do for the sake of being a comfort to people, a joy to my parents and a help to the next century.

If I were a boy I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers and be able to do all the manly things that belong to the manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study hard and with a will when the time came for study; read the best literature—works of the imagination, history, science and art according to my taste and need, get a

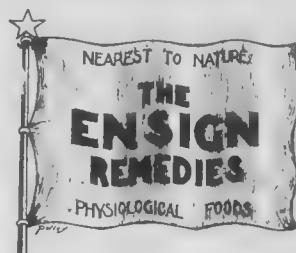
good knowledge of English; try to speak accurately and distinctly; go to college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer or a mechanic; spend my Sabbaths reverently; try to be a practical, everyday christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be "about my Father's business," like the boy of Nazareth; "use the world and not abuse it;" treat old men as fathers, "the young men as brethren, the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity;" and thus I would try to be a christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous.

A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of our western cities. It

was a hot, dusty day, very uncomfortable for travelling and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat up patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady, leaning forward, asked sympathetically: "Are you not tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?" The lad looked up brightly and replied, with a smile: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it." What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, we can hopefully and trustingly say, like the lonely little lad, that we do "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.

The Farm Boy.

The reason why farm-reared boys achieve success in all lines of business and the professions is not far to seek.



THE ENSIGN REMEDIES

are composed of combinations of twenty-nine tissue salts. Tissue salts are the inorganic elements of the body. Without these salts it would be impossible to produce a single vibration of energy. Starch, albumen, fats, etc., form bulk and media for the expression of energy, but the salts furnish the dynamos to shape, distribute and use it.

Disease is an abnormal state produced by the lack of one or more of these salts, through an inability to assimilate them, or to prepare them for assimilation. We have a process by which molecular reduction is accomplished outside of the body, and the salts are presented ready for immediate assimilation. They are then colorless, odorless, tasteless. All diseases are cured. There are no incurable diseases, and few incurable cases. The worst forms of mental diseases, venereal diseases, tuberculosis, varicose, atrophy, loss of vitality and power, spinal weakness, paralysis, indigestion, throat, lung, stomach, liver, kidney, skin, glandular and bowel troubles are promptly cured, not suppressed. Remedies are in small globules, dry. A vial contains about sixty doses and can be carried in a vest pocket or a lady's purse. General diseases cost but 25c. Advice free. Our three booklets: "General Diseases," "Private Diseases," "Woman's Diseases," free. A postal gets them. Address

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It is due primarily to the habits of industry and thrift and self-reliance which he acquires in youth and retains through manhood. The farm boy learns to get up early and if there are any of those proverbial fat worms around this bright bird is apt to catch them. He has half a day's work done before the city boy has left his downy couch. As he rises early so he retires at a seemly hour, healthily, wearied with his work and in condition to enjoy "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," as only a tired country boy knows how. He grows up strong, healthy and energetic and, best of all, has that best equipment for worldly success, a sound mind in a sound body.—American Farmer.

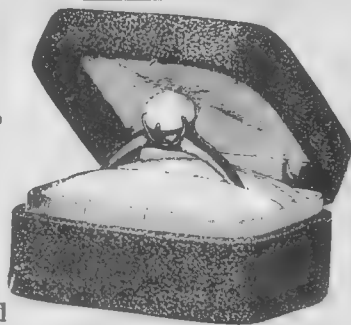
During the last century war caused the death of over thirty million civilized men.

The largest photographic picture in existence is being exhibited in Berlin. It is about forty feet by five feet, and represents a view of the Bay of Naples.

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21 INCHES HIGH

with long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and moveable head, arms and legs. Her handsome dress is richly trimmed with ribbons and lace, and she has a beautiful hat to match, as shown in the picture, also stockings, slippers, and lace trimmed underwear. Girls, remember, you get this handsome Doll, beautifully dressed from head to foot—worth \$2.00 cash in any store—absolutely free for selling only 20 packages of Seeds, and if you sell the Seeds and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you a handsome Solid Gold finished Ring, set with a large magnificent Fire Opal in a velvet lined Box, free as an extra present, and if you write us at once we will give you an opportunity to get this beautiful Gold finished double Hunting case Watch FREE in addition to your other presents without selling any more Seeds. Remember, no other Company gives such valuable presents for doing so little work. You will find our Sweet Pea packages the fastest sellers you ever saw. Write us to-day. We guarantee to treat you right. The publishers of this paper will tell you that we always do exactly what we say. Address THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 3129, TORONTO, ONTARIO



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When Daddy Plays the Fiddle.

When quiet settles o'er the farm,
An' night takes place uv day,
An' all the stock is housed an' fed,
An' supper cleared away,
Then daddy takes his fiddle out,
An' tunes the E and A,
An' then the G string with the D,
An' then begins to play.

He seems a diffrent man when'er
His fiddle's in his hand;
There is a bond between the two
Thet's hard to understand.
An' ma she sets an' knits away,
An' dreams her dream uv old.
While daddy's fiddle takes 'em both
Way off to lands uv gold.
No doubt they spy a shady lane,
An' hear the song uv birds,
An' see themselves, two lovers there,
With hearts too full fur words.
I've heard big bands an' orchestras,
Church organs an' the rest,
But fur sweet music from the heart,
I like my daddy's best.

—Joe Cone.

Why He Did Not Get On.

He had low ideals.
He did not dare to take chances.
He had too many irons in the fire.
He tried to give his relatives a chance.
He was never a whole man at any-thing.

He did things over and over again because he lacked system.

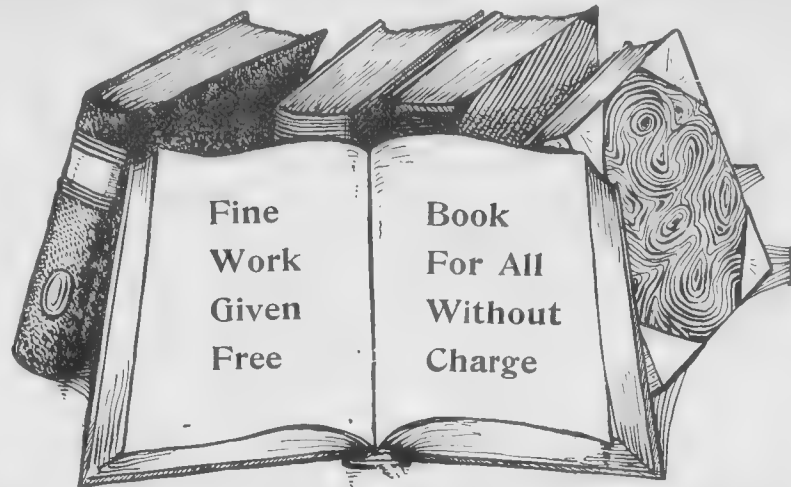
He thought he knew all there was to know about his business.

He was a good, honest man, but did not do business in a business way.

—Success.

Sure Cures.

I had the toothache once to beat the band,
It gave me fits all of a month or more.
It jumped and thumped until I couldn't stand
Another night—and every day I swore
I'd hie me to the dentist's, but my sand
Was shy of that by just about a grain,
And so I doped it with a lavish hand
And poulticed up my face to stop the pain
I used sure cures of every blooming brand,
And some of them would hold it for awhile.
But it broke loose again, and holy land!
I thought my roof would surely lose a tile.
It kept me squirming for a month, about,
And then it stopped—because I had it out.
Say! Have you noticed how we seem to hate
To yank the measly snags that give us grief—
The moral snags? We always want to wait



A FINE BOOK FREE

A splendid new book—a work that will be of tremendous, incalculable value to all who receive it—has just been issued at a cost of over \$5,000 by a distinguished specialist, a man famous in Europe and America for his noble scientific and humane work. Regardless of the great expense of publishing this work, its author will give away 15,000 copies absolutely free of charge. The work could easily have made his fortune, had he placed it on sale. Casting away all thought of gain, he gladly offers it to the public as a free gift, because he knows it will mean life itself to all who read its pages.

FOR well known as a leader among the years its author, Dr. Sproule, B.A., great philanthropists of North America, labored night and day to discover a perfect, permanent cure for Catarrh. He sacrificed time, energy and money to gain his end. Step by step he worked his way along new paths, outstripping his rivals on two continents. At last his efforts were crowned

with success! He had discovered what all other searchers had long despaired of finding an easy, perfect, permanent cure for Catarrh. With no thought of rest from his arduous labors, he wrote this wonderful book on the cure of Catarrh. With no thought of the wealth it could easily win him, he now offers it free to all who ask for it.

THE information in its pages will save thousands of lives. Written by a man heart and soul in earnest in his great work of fighting disease, its lines fairly throb with purpose and truth. With skillful hand he lays bare the beginnings of this loathsome, treacherous disease—he traces all its hidden workings—he shows the awful dangers to which it leads—he points out the way to a safe and lasting cure—the only one—of that terrible scourge of North America—Catarrh. Fine pictures by the best artists illustrate the different phases of the disease and the various organs affected by it, in an exceedingly clear and interesting manner.

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Do not delay as the edition is going rapidly. The demand for the book is enormous. Everybody wants it. Already grateful letters are coming back from those who have received it. It is doing all and more than Dr. Sproule in his sympathy and whole-heartedness had planned for it. If you or any of your family need it, send for it today. It is offered willingly—freely—gladly—that you may avail yourself of its wonderful aid—its certain relief. Write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines out out and forward to **DR. SPROULE, B.A.**, (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon P. M. H. Royal Naval Service) 97 Doane St., Boston, Mass., and you will receive this valuable book free of all charge.

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Traffic Stopped by a Bird.

A singular accident is reported from Utica, N.Y. A few days ago, a large blue heron alighted on a wire carrying power from the Trenton Falls station to one of the local sub-stations of the Utica and Mohawk Valley Railroad Company, and shortly thereafter the bird's bill came in contact with another wire. Immediately the current was cross-circuited, the fuses at the sub-power station burned out, the wires broke, the power stopped and the 22,000 volts that the wires carried wrought havoc with the bird. Scores of trolley cars on the city and suburban lines were stalled, and for five hours, or until the cause of the mischief was discovered and the damage repaired, all electric traffic in the Mohawk Valley was suspended. The trolley company sustained considerable loss as a result of the bird's prank.

Short and Long Courtships.

Young ladies in Russia are not at all averse to long engagements, and use all sorts of artifices to stave off the wedding day as long as possible; whilst in Siam, where old maids are unknown, as all girls marry, the recognized length of an engagement is one month. If an engaged man in the Argentine Republic dallies beyond a reasonable time in leading his fiancée to the altar he is heavily fined, and if a resident of the republic should fail to marry he is taxed until he reaches the age of eighty. In no country in the world are courtships so abnormally long as in Bohemia, where engagements commonly last from fifteen to twenty years; in fact, there recently died at the age of ninety-nine an old man who had been courting for seventy-five years and who was married on his death bed.

A medical authority says that in railway collisions the passengers who are asleep escape the bad effects of shaking and concussion.

At the annual plowing match, open to all England, organized by the North Kent Agricultural Association, two of the one hundred and eighty plows were drawn by motors, and were said to have done as good work as any horse-drawn plows, and in much quicker time. It is claimed that a motor can plow six acres a day.

RAILROAD MAN HAD HIS TRIALS

Was Run Down and Laid Up, and the Great Kidney Remedy Made Him Strong and Vigorous Again.

Winnipeg, Man., April 10.—(Special)—One of the best known and most popular locomotive engineers running out of Winnipeg on the C.P.R. is Mr. Ben Rafferty, who lives at 175 Maple Street. And Mr. Rafferty gives some advice to railway men that in these days of blockades and strain and worry none can afford to overlook. That advice is "use Dodd's Kidney Pills." Mr. Rafferty says:

"Years of long runs on the railway had broken down my constitution. My back gave out entirely. Terrible sharp cutting pains would follow one another, till I felt as if I were being sliced away piecemeal.

"I would come in from a run tired to death. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get.

"After being laid up ten days I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I had worn for years, and now I have not the slightest pain in the back. I sleep soundly and wake up joyous and refreshed, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it."

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

His rude manners drove customers away.

He thought a good business should run itself.

He was afraid to burn the bridges behind him.

He did not appreciate the value of appearances.

He loved his pipe and a story better than his work.

He could not concentrate all his powers on his task.

He did not know how to duplicate himself in others.

He let gruff, indifferent clerks drive away his business.

He trusted incompetent friends with responsible positions.

He would not change fairly good methods for better ones.

To see if they'll turn over a new leaf.

We dope and poultice in affairs of state

And rub the social gum with creosote;

We patch the ugly places with gold plate,

And try each politician's antidote.

We fill and fool around to get things straight,

Although we know that plugging doesn't work,

But with the dentist we won't make a date,

Because we've not the sand to stand the jerk.

As long as there's a dead sure cure to take

I reckon that we'd rather have the ache.



The Russia-Japan Conflict.

The Union Gospel News says: The struggle between Japan and Russia marks a crisis in history. The 'great powers' of the world are more than idle spectators, even though an open war be confined to the two empires named. Russia is contending for herself, while Japan, as has been said, is "fighting the battle of civilization." If Japan and her supporters, moral or otherwise, fail at this time, 'there is small reason for doubting that for years to come the history of Asia, and even that of Europe will be written by Russia's iron pen.

A close study of Russian expansion is very interesting to the intelligent reader and of vast concern to the statesman. We can only refer to it in outline here. Russia has been advancing into southern and eastern Asia like "a great glazier," slow but irresistible. Unhindered by the disadvantages of of fickleness and uncertainty, found in popular governments, the absolute rulers of Russia have been free to plan for generations ahead and to work steadily toward the attainment of the ends in view. In 1858 Russia, by a treaty with China, pushed her Siberian frontier to the Amur River, and also

tant action, were quieted by adroit explanations on the part of Count Cassini. In 1898 Russia was ready for another decisive step, and Port Arthur was occupied. Germany, one of the "powers" that protested against such a move by Japan, now took definite action—and also seized a strategic position on the Chinese coast, Kiaochau.

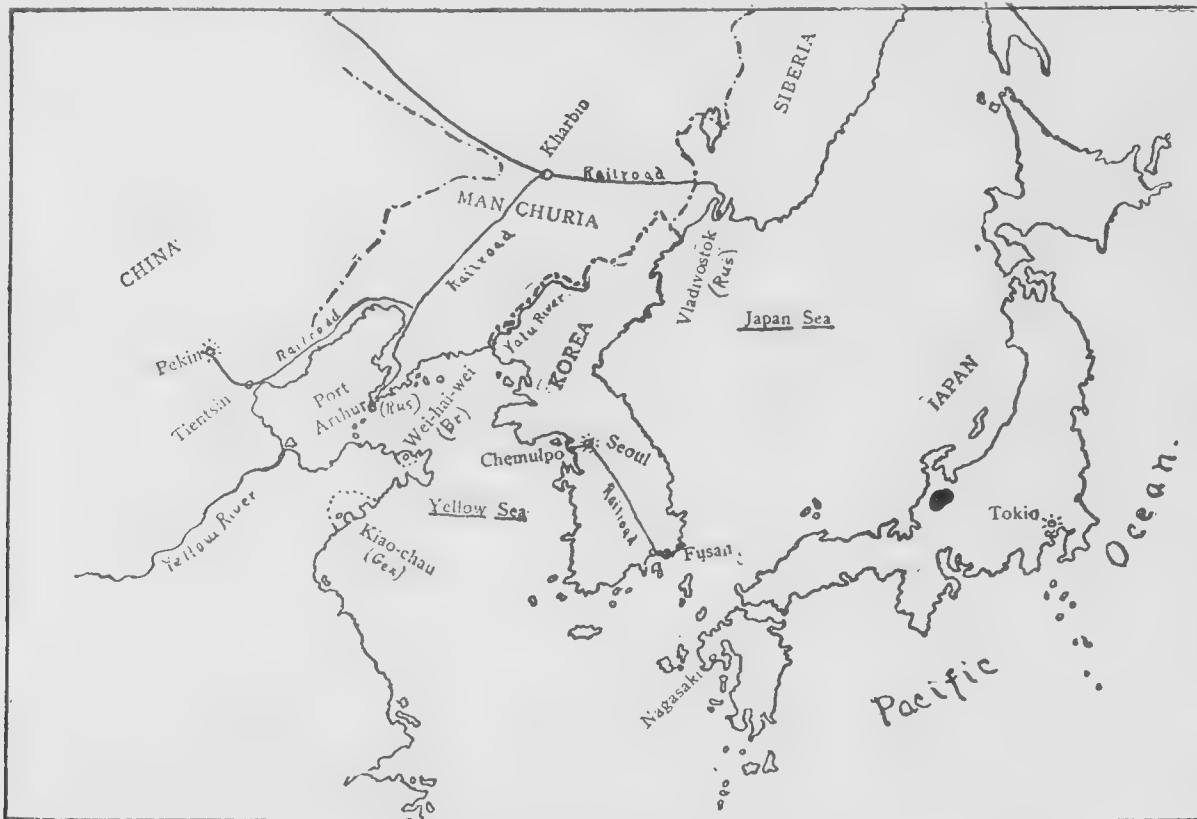
The terrible Chinese troubles of 1900, believed to have been largely fomented by Russia, gave the Czar an excuse for sending large forces into Manchuria, ostensibly to protect his railway, but really to occupy that territory permanently, a result now accepted everywhere as achieved.

The effect of these events upon Japan was to stir her patriotism to the depths, and to call forth her best statesmanship. Seeing that she was thwarted by Russia and her allies in the Port Arthur matter and its possibilities, Japan turned her attention to Korea alone, a moribund nation, near her shores, but between the two coast possessions of Russia, like a great bite about to be devoured by the bear, whose upper jaw ended at Vladivostok

	Japan.	Russia.
Area, sq. mile	147,669	8,660,395
Population ..	45,000,000	130,000,000
Population per sq. mile. . .	296	15
Debt per cap.	\$4.73	\$24.56
Revenue ..	\$121,000,000	\$891,000,000
Expenses ..	\$119,000,000	\$921,000,000
Army, war footing . . .	675,000	5,181,000
Navy, all vessels	241	80

Japan has a great advantage, as, by reference to the map, it will be seen she can throw her forces into Korea very easily, while her own home defenses are said to be sufficient to protect her from invasion. Her navy is superior in both numbers and effectiveness to the Russian fleet now in the east, a portion of Russia's navy being in the Black Sea. As to her army, it is superior to the Russian in mobility, while from all accounts Russia has at present under 225,000 troops in Eastern Asia. Then Japan has no long railway lines to guard, and over which her men and supplies must be brought, while Russia is handicapped greatly in this way. Japan may, through her secret agents, do much damage to Russia's great Siberian railway, over which her troops must travel, so that most of Russia's force would be required to guard this road.

The Russian people are in a disturbed and turbulent condition, bordering on revolution, and are described as



KOREA, WITH ADJACENT LANDS AND SEAS.

This map covers the theatre of war, in case hostilities are confined to Japan and Russia.

secured from China a large territory on the Pacific Ocean, extending south from the mouth of the Amur and including the site of the Vladivostok. This design to secure a port on the Pacific was then only partially realized, however, as Vladivostok's harbor is icebound part of the year. Something else must be done, so the Czar's government waited and plotted.

In 1894 war broke out between Japan and China, resulting in the speedy defeat of the latter, and Japan occupied Port Arthur, the greatest prize it gained in that brief conflict. The vigorous island empire lying off the eastern coast of Asia, was becoming greatly overcrowded, and looked toward the region of Port Arthur as a part of a greater Japan, where her people might settle and prosper. But Russian diplomacy was not idle, and Russia, France and Germany saw in the occupation of Port Arthur by Japan the beginning of the "partition of China," so Japan was compelled to withdraw from her coveted and fairly won possession.

Soon afterward, in 1896, Russia secured from China an important railway concession in Manchuria, and the fears of the powers, roused by this impor-

and its lower at Port Arthur. This Japan hoped to save for herself.

Japan has been developing things in Korea with great enterprise. The railway between Fusan and Chemulpo is nearing completion and her influence upon the "hermit kingdom" is reported as much exceeding that of Russia. Near Fusan is a small but fine harbor, Masampo, the military key to the entrance of Korea from the sea. Both nations have their eyes upon this point.

Japan also began to build up a great navy, somewhat after the English model, and to develop her army along the lines of the German pattern, while her bright young men were sent to search the world for knowledge. She was preparing for the day when she might be called upon to decide her future in a struggle with Russia over the question of the exploitation of Korea, as well as that of checking Russia in Manchuria. This day of decision has come.

Some comparison can be made concerning the strength of the two empires by these figures, though the actual conditions cannot be accurately judged thereby, so far as fighting strength goes, owing to questions of position and home conditions :

averse to a war so far from home, while the Japanese are enthusiastically patriotic, and so eager for war as to be scarcely able to endure their government's patient preparations.

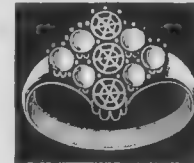
So far as the other nations are concerned, England supports Japan, Germany follows Russia, France is divided, her government outwardly being friendly to Russia, while her people are inclined to Japan. Americans are filled with admiration and good will toward the plucky little empire. The nations of Western Europe will endeavor to avert war and to keep out of it, but should both of these hopes fail, it is highly probable that one of the great conflicts of history is near.

If Russia be thwarted in Asia, her outward thrusts may be resumed more actively in the direction of the Bosphorus, Persia, India, and even the Scandinavian Peninsula, leaving the struggle for mastery for a future time. But if Korea follow Manchuria into "The Empire of the Czar," then Russia becomes the recognized and dominant power of all of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Don't fail to have all pots clean. Don't neglect to brighten, weekly, the faucets of sink and washtubs.

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SEND NO MONEY



Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 10 large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of over 60 different varieties, all



giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a certificate worth 50c. free with each package. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this beautiful Ring, Solid Gold finished and set with Rubies and Pearls, and, if you send us your name and address at once, we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished Double Hunting Case Watch, elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a \$50.00 Solid Gold Watch. FREE, in addition to the Ring, without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 3120, TORONTO

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From Josh Billing's Allminax.

I hev seen men so fond ov argument that they would dispute with a guide board at the forks ov a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools!

There is plenty ov pholks in this world whoze hartes bleed for the poor, but whoze pocketbooks never do.

The more rare a man's qualits are the more he will be found fault with—dust on diamond iz alwus more noticeable than dust on a brick.

Intelekt without judgment iz what ails about one-half the smart people in this world.

There ain't enough bad luk in the whole world to ruin enny one man, not if he will fite it out on that line.

Helth is like munny, we never hev a true idea ov its value until we lose it. I hev made up mi mind that human happiness konsists in having a good deal to do and then keep doing it.

Mankind love to be cheated, but they want to hev it dun bi an artist.

He who haz nothing to do in this world but to amuze himself has got the hardest job on hand I kno uv.

The man whoze ambishun is simply to liv, iz no more importance in this world than an extray rat iz.

The "We" that Wins.

From Success: A young man employed in a responsible position by a great corporation was recently discharged to make room for another. Surprised and mortified, he sought an explanation from the manager of his department. "Will you kindly tell me why you do not want me any longer?" he asked.

"Certainly," was the reply; "it was because you always said 'you' instead of 'we.'"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just that! You never said, 'We' should do so and so; or 'we' ought to follow out such-and-such a policy. It was always 'you' in referring to this company, of which you were a part. In speaking to a fellow-employee about our business, you would say 'they' (meaning this company) instead of 'we.' This shows lack of a live personal interest in the success of the concern as expressed in your actions, no less than by your words. I should advise you to seek employment with some company to which you can refer as 'we.'"

A common criticism of an ambitious young man is: "He acts as if he owned the concern, and he's only a clerk." It is the young man who works as if he did own the concern who often becomes the owner in time.

"We're going to pay a dividend of ten million dollars next month," proudly remarked an office boy to a waiting visitor in the reception room of a railway president. That boy's salary is five dollars a week. He is on the right track.

But it is necessary to think "we" and act "we" every hour of every day, as well as to sav "we." "We" means "us," union, solidity, co-operative enthusiasm. "You" means the other fellows. It's the "we" that wins!

Kate Douglas.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Few monarchs have left behind them a fairer fame than James I. of Scotland. Generous, high-souled, magnanimous, a scholar and a poet of no mean order, he sought to govern in accordance with the principles of justice—principles which hitherto had met with scant recognition from his subjects, for up to the date of his accession, might had been right in Scotland. The strong plundered the weak; the weak robbed the helpless; the nobles fell to fighting whenever the spirit moved them, and at a whim plunged the country in the horrors of civil war.

To a man of the king's character this lawlessness and barbarity was intolerable. The cruelty of the tyrants fired his indignation, while the sufferings of their victims cut him to the heart. He resolved to put a stop to this chaos and savagery, to curb the turbulence of his unruly chiefs, and to give equal laws to all.

During the whole of his too brief career he labored incessantly to this high end; but in so doing he could not escape the penalty of all great reformers; for it, on the one hand, he gained the loving regard of the more thoughtful of his people, on the other hand he incurred the undying hate of those who had pruned by the old order of things. The freebooting chieftains realized that they were being gradually snored of their ancient principles. The right of levying war was theirs no longer. Instead of being a law unto themselves, they found that they were to be bound by the same statutes as the common people. This last was an indignity that no self-respecting chief could endure, and, therefore, it came about that a number of the nobles grew bitterly hostile to the king and set themselves more or less secretly to compass his death.

Foremost amongst his enemies was a certain Sir Robert Graham, whom James had once mortally offended by committing him to prison for a breach of the law. So deeply had the pride of the Graham been wounded by this indignity that he openly renounced his allegiance, and, flying to the highlands, vowed that he would kill the king with his own hands.

It was in the winter of 1437, and the royal court had travelled north to celebrate the Christmas festival in Perth. There being no palace or castle in the city, the king and queen and their immediate attendants had taken up their residence in the Abbey of Black Friars, while the guard were quartered in the neighboring town. The king and queen were thus left almost unprotected, and, seeing that Perth lies within sight of the Grampians, where it was known that the Graham lay, biding his time, it must be admitted that the prudence of the king was no match for his magnanimity.

The 20th of February was a gala day in Perth, and the court had spent it in hunting and feasting. During their absence the conspirators had gained access to the Abbey, where they broke the locks and removed the bars from the doors of the royal chambers.

It was just midnight. The last of the guests had departed and the king was chatting gayly with the queen and her women before retiring to rest. Suddenly the chamber was lit up by a lurid red glare from without. The king sprang to the window. The garden below was ablaze with torches and



REST FROM LABOR.

**TOO
TIRED
TO
STIR!**

**FOOD TONIC
FERROZONE
FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES**

Weary Women Get Strength and Vigor from FERROZONE

Did you ever stop to think about the endless number of unhappy, disappointed women in the world? Perhaps not. Well, for your information we can safely say that the majority of women seldom feel as joyful as they would like to be. What's the cause?

In the first place, modern life is lived at a fast pace. Society makes demands on every woman's strength that try her to the utmost. Only the robust can stand the racket, and the weaker sisters, with their delicately balanced organism, begin to fail. The blood gets thin—it's innutritious. The nerves grow very irritable, strength declines steadily. Then follows the misery and suffering resulting from interference with certain functions upon which the very existence of every female depends. Life is a burden, all its joys are gone, nothing left but long dragging days of illness!

It's dangerous to let this condition get worse. You must build up, get strength, and revitalize lost energies by the great food tonic Ferrozone,—then you'll start to pick up again.

Many women will find Ferrozone a wonderful health bringer, because it's the most rapid blood-former known to medical science. Nourishment and purity are given to the blood which get richer and stronger every day Ferrozone is used.

If women could only be made to see that half their ills are caused by impoverished blood it wouldn't take long to cure them with Ferrozone. This restorative is in the form of a food and a tonic. It doesn't cause a mere temporary stimulation of the strength, but adds to it bit by bit, reinforces your present store of energy and lays the sound foundation of perfect good health that should last till past three score and ten.

Let every woman try Ferrozone and prove for herself the wonderful benefit it is capable of affording. You are bound to feel better, you will have color in your cheeks, your appetite will increase and the digestive powers will be toned up too. No longer will you suffer from irregularities because Ferrozone has a specific action on all secret troubles and ensures perfect regularity. The strength of robust womanhood and all the joys accompanying it will be yours—if you use Ferrozone. Get a supply today. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50; at all druggists or by mail from the Ferrozone Company, Kingston, Ont. Insist on getting Ferrozone when you ask for it and refuse a substitute.

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filled with armed men. James knew his danger in an instant.

"The Graham!" he cried, and he called to the women to keep the door while he sought means to escape. He tried the windows, but they were barred; the doors only led him to the enemy. He was caught like a rat in a trap, and not so much as a dagger to defend him.

As he stood thus baffled, looking on all sides for a chance of safety, one of the women remembered that there was an old, unused vault under the chamber. James seized the fire-tongs, and by dint of superhuman exertion succeeded in wrenching up some planks in the flooring. He disappeared just as the clang of armed men was heard hurrying down the passage. Keep them out! At all costs keep them out till the planks were in place again! The queen smote at them with all her

strength, but they would not sink level with the floor again and every instant those dreadful feet were hurrying nearer and nearer. "Bar the door!" she cried, and the women sprang to obey her, but—treachery! the bars had been removed and the locks were all broken. What was to be done? Time was everything. A king's life hung on a second.

The assassins were at the door. Was there nothing to stop them? Yes, there was this. Kate Douglas, the queen's favorite maid, had thrust her arm through the staples—a bar of flesh and blood. The conspirators were checked. They tried the door, but Kate, with clenched teeth, stuck to her post. The queen looked on with the frenzy of love and despair, and the planks were at last driven back to their place as the assassins burst into the chamber, and Kate, with her arm broken, fell fainting to the floor.

It is a thousand pities that this is not the end of the story. But, alas, Kate's heroism was only temporarily successful. At first, indeed, the murderers were baffled, and they searched the Abbey in vain; but the secret vault was known to some of them, and they, returning to the chamber, wrenched up the floor, discovered the king and barbarously butchered him before the eyes of the queen.

These were dark days in Scotland, but even at their blackest they were from time to time illuminated by bright deeds of love and loyalty. Kate's de-

votion has been the theme of poets and historians, and such was the people's pride in their heroine that they gave her a name of honor, and knew her henceforth as Kate Barlass.

Good neighbors always depend upon one being willing to make a little concession in the matter of one's opinions and ways of doing things. The man across the road feels his oats just as much as you do and is just as cocksure he is right as you are.



FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 8 ft., 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at 10c. each only 20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Spies, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** today and we will mail the seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co., Dept. 3126, Toronto.**

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March.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud, and changing
skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild! stormy month! in praise of
thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and
bleak
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of
Spring

And, in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny
day,
When the changed winds are soft and
warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm
skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that
lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.
—Bryant.

Bessie.



JACK WETMORE ruefully checked the long line of figures before him

"It is a smash—utterly and absolutely a smash. Well, it's no good

whining—I'm done for."

Jack gave a sigh, for there was something more than a financial loss impending, and he knew it.

Throughout the seven-and-twenty years of his life he had been accustomed to regard himself, and had been so regarded by others, as a rich man's son. Wetmore & Wetmore had always been held above suspicion. As he sat in his comfortably furnished rooms, he could hear the cries of the newsboys with the special edition of the evening papers—

"Further details of the Wetmore failure."

He rose from the table and pushed the papers wearily from him. Strolling from the dressing room adjoining, he exchanged his smoking jacket for a dress coat and arranged his tie with a critical air.

"If it is to be my last appearance," he said, "at least I'll make it as outwardly respectable as I can."

Then he frowned and looked thoughtfully at the fire, his hand un-

Blansford's announced Mr. Wetmore, and after a few words with Mrs. Blansford, his hostess, he passed into the ballroom. In all the brilliant crowd there was only one face he looked for, one well known figure for the sight of which he yearned.

At last, after wandering through several rooms, he saw her. She was sitting under a shaded lamp, apparently paying but little attention to the man who was talking to her. But the instant Mr. Wetmore passed through the door she beckoned to him.

"Come and sit here, Jack," she said, pointing to a vacant seat just left by the other man.

She regarded him with an amused little smile and a nod of approval. She was a young woman with ideas

Miss Blansford closed her fan with a snap.

"Sit down, Jack, at once, and don't be an idiot."

Taken back at this sudden and pre-emptory command, he obeyed.

"Now, then, what was it you really came to say to me?"

"To say goodbye and ask you to wish me good luck," he answered.

"What would you have said if things had—had been different? Shall I tell you?" she whispered. "You would have said: 'Bessie, I love you.' And now, just because you're a goose and an idiot, and I happen to possess more money than I know what to do with, you would rather die than say four simple little words like that."

"Oh! Bessie."



HOG KILLING IN WINTER.

Red Tamworth Hog, raised by J. H. Farthing, Revina Farm, near Millwood, weight, 466 pounds.

of her own, and she appreciated the light, careless manner with which he seemed to carry his misfortune.

"You don't look very doleful, Jack, under the circumstances."

He laughed a little.

"My dear Miss Blansford, do you think it would help matters if I went about looking like a mute at a funeral?"

"And, pray, my dear Jack," she retorted, mockingly, "since when have I become 'Miss Blansford?'"

"Since I heard the news last night," he answered grimly.

"Oh, very well, if you are going to pout and quarrel with your friends just because you've lost a little

"Yes, 'Oh! Bessie,'" she continued, mockingly. "It's always 'Oh! Bessie.' And yet through sheer obstinacy you are putting your Bessie to the trouble of making a formal proposal for the honor of your hand in marriage."

Wetmore sprang to his feet.

"I won't listen," he said. "It is not fair of you, Bessie."

"Fair or not, do you think I am going to have my whole life spoiled for a few wretched conventions and a charming dowager or two?"

"They'd laugh at you, Bessie, and say I married you for your money."

"Let them laugh. And as to your marrying me, I would beg to remind you that the positions are reversed and that it is I, Elizabeth Blansford, commonly known as Bessie, who hereby ask you, Jack—"

"I am no fortune hunter, and marry you I won't."

"Do I not know it is your pride that prevents you from speaking? And that is why I have done what I have."

"I should be a cur if I took you at your word," he said. Bessie, have a little mercy. Don't tempt me."

"Jack, is your love for me so small a thing that you cannot sacrifice a little of your pride for it? Do you think my part has been so easy?"

For a moment there was a pause. Then Jack said:

"You've won, Bessie," drawing her to himself, "and heaven give me the power to make you happy."

"Well, then, there's one thing you mustn't do, Jack."

"And that?"

"You mustn't make me fight so hard to get my own way again."

Every man is the architect of his own honor.

The Origin of Coffee.

As to the history of coffee, the legend runs it was found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and seventeen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree can not be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree; and, when coffee is grown much below this, it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries.

A Good Light for Night Use.

Housewife asks an exchange for some means of securing a good light night after night. She cleans her lamps carefully, but to no good it seems, and asks for some advice along this line. In reply the paper says: Never cut the wick, is a help in such case oftentimes; instead, turn it just above the tube and rub the charred portion with a match; next, use the very best of headlight oil and fill the lamp every morning. New lamp flues are lengthened and made better by putting them in water and heating gradually until boiling hot. When it has boiled five minutes set them off to cool in the water; next the burners should be boiled once a month or oftener, in a strong pearline sud. This will remove the oil and leave them bright and clean. Polish with dry flannel. Many lamps give a dull light, but if you try this way of cleaning and using them it is believed they will do you good service for months.

Salt and its Uses.

Many and various are the uses of salt, either for increasing or altering flavors or for medicinal purposes, etc. For instance, salt added to cooked fruit, especially in pies, brings out the flavor of the fruit; a little salt added to bread and milk, and other milky diets renders them far more easy of digestion; warm water and salt inhaled through the nostrils, will cure a cold in the head; and an occasional pinch of salt gives great relief when the throat is inflamed, and checks if it does not cure a cough. A glass of warm or cold salt water the first thing in the morning has an excellent effect on the health, and eyes that are tired or weak, may be bathed in tepid salt water.

Value of Cold Water.

For relaxed throat muscles and a tendency to sore throat and frequent colds, there is no better remedy than cold water, applied night and morning to the parts. Sponge the chest, too, in cold water every morning in winter if you wish freedom from colds. Dash the water repeatedly upon the throat and chest with the hands at least ten minutes after you have rubbed with the towel.

Don't clean knives with a wet cloth. A cork like those employed for bottle-stoppers serves an excellent purpose; dip one end slightly in water, then in the powder, then on the knife until a polish is gained.



EQUINE OUTLOOK.

consciously moving toward the mantlepiece till it touched a massive silver frame containing a portrait, a recent one evidently, of a particularly handsome girl.

"It's no good, Bessie—no good, my dear. I dare not speak to you now. I'm done for!"

Twenty minutes after the butler at

money—"

"It may be a little, but unfortunately it happens to be all I've got. I owe a good deal besides."

Wetmore arose and held out his hand. He was fast losing his self-control.

"I must be off. I came only to say goodbye to you."



Bobby—Do I have to go to school again, mother?

Mother—Of course, Bobby.

Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.

An Irishman, who to his wife's sorrow, had got into the company of men who managed cockfights, determined to raise some game-roosters for himself. So he got some prize eggs and put them under the old hen in the back yard. In order to teach him a lesson and discourage his growing vice, his wife removed the prize eggs from under the unsuspecting hen and put in their place some duck eggs. Some weeks later the wife heard a commotion in the woodshed. She rushed out, and there stood Pat, watching with delight the first efforts of a newly hatched duck to waddle. "Bridget, Bridget, will ye luk at the feet of him? Sure a bird twice his size could'n't thrip him!"

Teddie—Pa, where do we get our milk from. Father—From cows, my son. Teddie—And where do cows get their milk from? Father—Why, Teddie, where do you get your tears? Teddie (after a long, thoughtful pause)—Do they have to spank cows, papa?—Judge.

He—A woman would rather talk than listen.

She—Well, that depends.

He—Depends on what?

She—Whether or not a man is making her a proposal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



IMPORTED HOSIERY.

Visitor (calling on friend in hospital)—Sorry to find you here, old chap; badly hurt?

Patient—Yes, I am afraid I am. I heard the doctor say I was a "beautiful case."

"At last, my angel," said the happy man in the new clothes, after he had settled with the minister, "we are really and truly one—one for ever."

"Theoretically, yes," rejoined the blushing bride, "but from a practical standpoint it will be advisable to continue ordering dinner for two."

Inkerly—"I can't read this writing." Bossby—"Pooh! The writing is good enough! Any ass could read it. Hand it to me."

Doubtful: Mr. Softleigh—"Tommy, do you really think your sister likes to see me better than she does Mr. Brown?" Tommy—"I'm sure of it, for evenings when he's in the parlor she turns the light down so low she can't see him at all."

"Man, Tam," said Geordie, the cattleman on leaving church the other Sunday, "a body aye learns something he never kent before frae that preacher." "And what did ye learn this forenoon?" asked Tam. "That chield tauld us that Sodom and Gomorrah were cities o' the plain, an' man d'ye ken, I aye thocht they were man and wife!"

Towne—It's funny. Borroughs is forever preaching to his friends about the necessity of saving their money.

Browne—Well?

Towne—Well, he's the last fellow in the world who should preach that.

Browne—Not at all. The more his friends save the more he has the chance to borrow.

"Did I understand you to say that you didn't have any company in the kitchen while I was out Katie?"

"Yis mum, that's what I said."

"But I smell the tobacco from a pipe all through the house."

"Yis, mum; the policeman was in for half an hour, mnm, but we were in the drawing-room."

Visitor—"Heavens, man! Wha—what's that?"

Convalescent—"Oh, nothing much."



Doc. says I can smoke only one cigar a day, y'know, and these are some I had made specially."

A maidservant employed in a suburban household was very forgetful. The fault was especially annoying at meal-times, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the table.

One day the family were seated at the table and the bell was rung as usual. The maid hurried to the dining-room.

"Maria," said Mr. Jenkinson, "just run and fetch the big step-ladder down from the attic and bring it here."

Maria, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch down the ladder.

It was five minutes before she returned to the room, panting from her exertions.

"Now," said Mr. Jenkinson, "put it up at that end of the room and climb to the top."

Maria did as she was told, although she wondered what it all meant. When she was at the top of the ladder, Mr. Jenkinson quietly observed:

"Maria, you have now got a better view than we have; just look round and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. Your mistress and I could not find it."

Edith—What did you say to George when he proposed?

Maud—I asked for time to consider; it was so unexpected, you know.

Edith—It always is, dear, when one has given up all hope.

Mr. Newlywed (reading letter from his wife at seaside)—My own Darling Hubby—A thousand kisses—could you send me \$50 at once? There is a dear; and I will not ask you for any more until I write again. I will try and make that last until I need some more. If you could send me \$75 instead of \$50 it would save me writing again before next week. I have to pay 5c. for every stamp I use; the extortion of these hotel-keepers is something frightful! Good-by, and much love from your economical little wifey.

"Well, of all the ways of makin' a livin'," said farmer Noakes, "I think literature's the easiest."

"The easiest?"

"Yes. I have watched the fellers that do it. All a man's got to do is to sit an' slide his pen over the paper."

Poultry Poetry.

I.

The chickens in the poultry show
Delight the passing eye.
We can't help thinking they would look
Much better in a pie.

II.

The hens that lay the golden eggs
Are there this week in force,
Well guarded by a squad or two
Of brave police, of course.

III.

So high the strutting rooster crows,
It lifts him off his legs,
And yet his note's not half so high
As are his good wife's eggs.

iv.

We love to do the chicken show
And hear the poultry coo;
It makes us eager for the time
When we'll raise chickens, too.

Little "Sermonettes."

Every man is the architect of his own honor.

When it comes to drinking, the giraffe has us all distanced.

Misery loves company, but company can't say as much for misery.

Lots of folks die of heart failure and a lot more live with head failure.

How much easier it is for the landlord to raise the rent than the tenant.

Did you ever stop to think what fighters some men are in times of peace?

Most of us are near-sighted in looking for blessings, but we can discover the trouble shooter a mile off.

The difference between a fast watch and a fast young man is that you can regulate the watch the easiest.

There are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught, but good fish don't nibble at poor bait.

Bless the woman who can truly say she wants little here below. Just get married and you will realize on the assets.

The reason that truth gets crushed to earth so often is because it gets in the way of people who have little regard for it.

Of course we should give the devil his due, but then in many cases there wouldn't be anything left for the other creditors.

When a man smooths out the wrinkles and picks off the stray hairs on your coat collar, watch him, for he is most likely a life insurance agent or a book peddler.

All the Difference.

Punctuation, which used to be regarded as a very essential part of composition, does not receive the same attention to-day that was formerly given to it. There is, however, one man who, if he were asked, would be likely to concede its importance.

He is a wealthy business man, a man of large liberality, and very generous to his family. During his absence from town his wife desired to make a purchase of laces amounting in value to two hundred pounds. The sum was large, and, although she knew his generosity, she decided to telegraph to him for his sanction before making the purchase.

In reply to her telegram of inquiry came the answer:

"No price too high."

Touched by such liberality and stimulated by the cheerful message, she proceeded to buy not only the laces which she had in mind, but other goods amounting altogether to nearly five hundred pounds.

When the husband returned and the wife showed him her purchases he asked to see the telegram which she had received. It was something of a surprise to him, but he said nothing. What he had written was:

"No. Price too high."

Mistress—Good gracious, Susan, the house is on fire!

Susan (an overworked "general")—Well, mum, it's comfortin' to think that at last there's a fire in the 'ouse I 'aven't 'ad to light!

Tears.

There be three hundred different ways and more

Of speaking, but of weeping only one;
And that one way the wide world o'er,
Is known by all, tho' it is taught by none.

No man is master of this ancient lore,
And no man pupil. Every simpleton
Can weep as well as every sage. The man
Does it no better than the infant can.

The first thing all men learn is how to speak,
Yet understand they not each other's speech;

But tears are neither Latin, nor yet Greek,

Nor prose, nor verse. The language that they teach

Is universal. Cleopatra's cheek
They decked with pearls no richer than from each

Of earth's innumerable mourners fall
Unstudied, yet correctly classical.

Tears are the oldest and the commonest
Of all things upon earth; and yet how new

The tale each time told by them! How unblended

Were life's hard way without their heavenly dew;

Joy borrows them from Grief; Faith trembles lest

She lose them; even Hope herself smiles thro'

The rainbow they make round her as they fall;

And Death, that can not weep, sets weeping all.

—Robert, Earl of Lytton.

The following is a splendid liniment for chilblains: One ounce of camphor gum, four fluid ounces of olive oil. Dissolve together by a gentle heat and apply to the afflicted parts.

If looking-glass is allowed to become cloudy it may be permanently injured. It should not be permitted to get dusty, and once a week should be rubbed briskly with a rag dipped in alcohol. When this is dry polish with a silk duster, dipped in powdered chalk or powder blue.

CATARRH CURED!

A Positive Cure is at last found for this repulsive disease. Read the generous offer of its Discoverer

THIS TREATMENT GIVEN FREE.



Mrs. Weaverling, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "I suffered from that dreadful disease, catarrh, for twenty years, and found nothing that would help it until I began on your treatment. I improved from the first and in a short time was entirely cured. You have rendered me a great blessing, and I recommend your treatment most highly to those having catarrh." This treatment not only quickly relieves and permanently cures catarrh, but gives almost instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, and All throat and bronchial troubles. It permanently removes the disease from the system and makes the affected tissues like new.

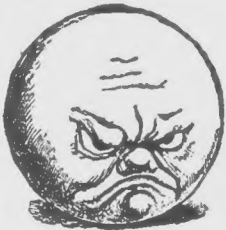
If you suffer from Catarrh or Bronchial and Lung trouble of any kind you should make a thorough test of this wonderful treatment at once. Many of those who have suffered for years without being able to get help from other treatments are cured by a two weeks' trial treatment that any sufferer may have for the asking. If you are afflicted with Asthma, Bronchitis, or Catarrh in any of its forms, you had better write to-day for this treatment and test it for yourself. It has cured thousands where all other remedies had failed, and it will cure you. Address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, Ltd., 70 Madison Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Dog.

Sloppy food is not suitable for a dog—that sort of stuff may be all right to fill pigs with, but a dog's grinders were made for something more substantial. If you are a father you will know it is customary to give teething babies something to use their gums on. Puppies are four-legged babies and they require similar treatment when teething. Give the puppy a large bone or a dog biscuit, that will keep it quiet and help the grinders along.

If a strange dog chances to cross your path speak kindly to him instead of using the boot—the magic power of the voice may save you from a bite. And never shrink from a dog that jumps towards you, that would be an exhibition of fear that he is apt to take advantage of; stand your ground, greet him kindly, and above all things never run away from him.—Field and Stream.

Spring Time



Before Taking

Is usually house-cleaning and renovating time. Did it ever strike you that it would be a good idea if you removed the impurities from your system as well, and gave it a general renovation?

7 Monks' Ton-i-cure

Purifies and enriches the blood. Tones up the nerves and puts the entire body in a healthy condition.

7 Monks' Ton-i-cure, Price \$1.00

Sold by all Druggists.

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"It is as nice a paper as I've run across for some time; there is no 'yellow dog' matter in it."—Winnipeg

"I admire your enterprise and shall speak well of you as opportunity may arise. Send me three extra copies."—Brandon.

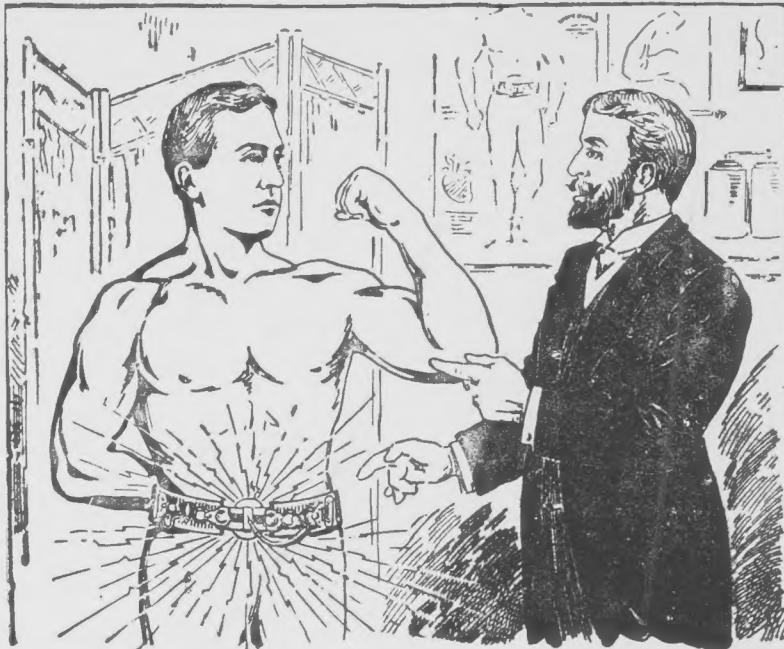
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Men, I Have the Cure



For Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease that has not gone as far as Bright's Disease; Indigestion, Constipation, or any Weakness, and

I WILL PAY

\$1,000 FORFEIT

For a case which I cannot cure with my new Improved Electric Belt, the marvel of electricians, the most wonderful curative device that has ever been intro-

duced. This Belt is complete with Free Electrical Attachment.

And You Need Not Pay a Cent Until Cured

This Electric Attachment carries the current direct and cures all weaknesses, varicocele, etc. It develops and expands all weak nerves and checks a loss of vitality. No case of Failing Vigor, Varicocele or Debility can resist this powerful Electric Attachment. It never fails to cure. It is free with Belts.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vitality which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him, no man should suffer when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which men suffer are due to the early loss of nature's reserve power. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may as well be as happy as any man that lives.

My Electric Belt, with special Electric Attachment (free), will restore your health. It will check all losses and affects every organ of the body. Most ailments from which you suffer can be traced to it.

I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring.

By Belt is easy to use. Put it on when you go to bed; you feel the glowing heat from it (no sting or burn as in old style belts), and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old.

An old man of 70 says he feels as strong and young as he did at 35. That shows it renews the vigor of youth. It cures Rheumatism, Sciatic Pains, Lumbago, Kidney Trouble. Banishes pain in a night, never to return.

An Enemy to Pain in any Part of The Body

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir: I must give you great praise for your Belt, for I think it is the best thing I ever put on for rheumatism. I only had it on two or three times when the pains all left my legs, and I would not do without one, for it is the best Belt I ever had on. If I can do anything to help you sell to others I will do so, for it will cure any one suffering from pains in any part of the body. I would not take twice the price now for mine. Yours truly, Robert Rimmer, Arcola, N.W.T.

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir: It is now about five weeks since I received the Belt from you, and must say that it has done all that I expected. I feel better in every way. My back is as strong as ever it was. The rheumatism is also getting better. The varicocele is quite a bit better also. I am well pleased with the investment. I wish I had got the Belt a couple of years ago. Wishing you success, I am, gratefully yours, Martin Thompson, Pense, Assa.

A New Man After Ten Years of Suffering

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir: I have used your Belt according to instructions, and haven't had any trouble at all. I am very grateful to you for the good I have received from the Belt I bought of you. I can assure you that I will always talk your Belts up to those who are in need of one. I am not troubled any more with sick headaches, and I feel like a new man. You can use my testimony for the benefit of others who are suffering as I have suffered for ten years. Yours very truly,

What ails you? Write and tell me, and no matter where you are I think I can give you the address of some one in your own town that I have cured. I've cured thousands, and every man of them is a walking advertisement for my Belt.

I don't want your money without giving you value for it. I know it will cure in any case that I undertake. If I can't cure it, I'll tell you so frankly. You have nothing to lose, for if you wish you can use the Belt entirely at my risk, and if it doesn't cure you it will not cost you one cent. The only condition I impose is that you give me security for the Belt while you are using it, as evidence of good faith on your part. You can then use it on the conditions of

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Every person wearing Dr. McLaughlin's Belt receives FREE until cured the advice of a physician who understands his case. This is the cause of its success after everything else fails.

FREE BOOK.—If you can't call write for my beautiful descriptive book showing how my Belt is used. It explains how my belt cures weakness in men and women, and gives prices. Send for it TO-DAY. Address

OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 8.30 p.m.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone.



Every Success

Produces a Host of Would-be Imitators

and the **Berliner Gram-o-phone** being the first and only invention of its kind, as well as a world-famous success, is being so freely imitated by various so-called "phones" that the public is in danger of being confused and imposed upon.

The **Berliner Gram-o-phone** is the Original Flat Disc Talking Machine invented by Mr. Emile Berliner (who also invented the Telephone Transmitter). Does anyone know who invented the various other "flat disc machines" that are being advertised to trade on the enormous success and reputation of the **Berliner Gram-o-phone**?

The **Berliner Gram-o-phone** is the **only Talking Machine manufactured in Canada**, and is the only Talking Machine sold with an absolute 5 years' guarantee. Gram-o-phones are also made and sold in every part of the civilized world, but all instruments sold in Canada are "Made in Canada."

Do not be misled or deceived. You cannot get "something for nothing," and you should be wary of the "philanthropic" (?) concerns who are going to give you a Talking Machine—"FREE." They do not pay heavy advertising bills just for the privilege of presenting you with one. Even if it were really "given away," the chances are it would not be worth accepting even as a gift.

The **Berliner Gram-o-phone** is not a fake. Its splendid reputation is built on a solid foundation—it has earned and enjoys the confidence of its patrons—the admiration and endorsement of the greatest singers and musicians. Our business methods are known and approved by the business world. We refer you to the Bank of Montreal—to the Commercial Agencies—to the Express Companies—to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, of which we are members. More conclusive still is the testimony of thousands of our customers—clergymen, cabinet ministers, lawyers, physicians, farmers, mechanics and merchants who own **Berliner Gram-o-phones** and who have experience of our business methods (some of their unsolicited opinions are given below). These are the proofs which convince you—enable you to distinguish between the true and the false—between a responsible business firm and an aggregation of "fakirs."

BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE RECORDS are made of a hard **Maroon** material (don't forget the color). They are practically unbreakable and will wear ten times as long as any other records made. By actual test they have been played on more than 1,200 times without any appreciable loss of sound. There is an illustration of the dog listening to his master's voice on the back of every Record (don't forget the dog). The Records, as well as the Gram-o-phones, are made in Canada. Three Records are included in the price of each Gram-o-phone—meaning a saving of \$1.50 on your first purchase. Our terms are the easiest, and within the reach of any honest person. You can pay \$1.00 cash and promise to pay \$2.00 a month for 8 months, and you will get a **Berliner Gram-o-phone** complete with the latest "Automatic Sound Box" (the finest made), 16 inch Japanned Concert Horn, 3 seven inch records of your own choosing, 200 extra hardened needle points—the weight complete 25 lbs. This is what you get when you buy a **Berliner Gram-o-phone**. If you want a spun brass horn the first payment will be \$3.00 instead of \$1.00. If you want to see our full Catalogue of **Gram-o-phones** and full list of over 2,000 Vocal, Instrumental and Spoken Records—a postal card will bring them to you without charge. If you want fuller particulars about easy payment plan we will send them. If you buy on the easy payment plan and conclude to pay in full within 30 days you get the advantage of the spot cash price at the end of that time.

You may be acquainted with some of the writers; if so, ask their opinion of the Gram-o-phone, of the Records, and of us. This will convince you that the **Berliner Gram-o-phone** is the only talking machine to buy.

B. STONE, Stayner, Ont.:
I am delighted with the Gram-o-phone; it is the best thing I ever got to drive away the blues. I feel just like I could grip you by the hand and say "God bless you."

PETER W. SCOTT, Belgrave, Ont.:
I am well pleased with the Gram-o-phone I bought a year ago. It is a capital entertainer for an evening.

W. J. BEGIN, Asessippi:
I am well pleased with the Gram-o-phone. It is better than I expected, and am sure it will sell more.

WM. E. WHITELEY, Perry Vale Ranch, Alta.:
The new Maroon records are superior to the black ones, and everyone who hears my machine declares they have not heard any other talking machine articulate so plainly, and the music renditions are perfect.

ARTHUR LUNERGAN, Little River, N.B.:
Your Gram-o-phone is superior to any I have ever heard—am very much pleased with it, and have given several concerts with it.

CHAS. DIEHL, Cypress River, Man.:
Received the Gram-o-phone in good condition. Talk about clearness, my Gram-o-phone beats them all. Please accept my grateful thanks for your prompt attention.

CHAS. GRASLEY, Crossfield, Alta.:
Received Gramophone in splendid condition. It is in every way superior to the many different makes I have heard.

DAN McVICKER, Salmon Arm, B.C.:
I received the Gram-o-phone O.K. I would not sell it for \$15.00 if I could not get another. It is a peach. We can hear it a mile away.

E. H. BICKUTAN, H.M.S. Flora, Esquimaux, B.C.: (The Flora was wrecked near Esquimaux, December, last year.)

The Records came out O.K., being four days under salt water. The machinery of the Gram-o-phone is also in a good state. (This is probably the hardest test that Records were ever put to.)

L. J. McNUTT, Currieburg, N.B.:
Am perfectly delighted with the Gram-o-phone. Visitors say it excels any other talking machine. Had it to an entertainment, and the audience were greatly pleased with the tone, it being so loud and clear. Am perfectly satisfied with your dealings in every respect all through the contract.

NEWTON BRYENTON, Bryenton, N.B.:
Your Gram-o-phone is a dandy. The Records are increasing in sound.

There are thousands of similar letters on our files, and all of them are from unsolicited but delighted purchasers.

Cash Price for Berliner Gram-o-phones, \$15 to \$45. (These prices include 3 seven inch Records of purchaser's choice).

Any Style of Instrument sold on the Easy Payment Plan at a slight advance over cash prices, with option of paying in full at end of 30 days for spot cash price.

The **BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE** plays every instrument, and the Instrumental Records are made specially for it by musicians who are masters of their instruments—Bands and Orchestral Selections, Choral Pieces by full choirs, including the famous Papal Choir. The Band Selections have been made specially for the Gram-o-phone by the Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, Godfrey's, Sousa's (plays only for the Gram-o-phone) and other famous American and European Bands, civil and military. Instrumental Solos on Piano, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Trombone, Bagpipes, Clarinet, Piccolo, Flute, etc. The latest Songs as well as the old time favorites—Religious, Patriotic and Sentimental airs—as well as Coon Songs, Minstrels and Comic Ditties. Plays Waltzes, Polkas, Two-Step, Schottische, Quadrille, Lancers, Jigs and Reels for dancing—never tires.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

E. BERLINER

2315 St. Catherine Street

MONTREAL

Mr. Berliner, the only Inventor of the Flat Disc Talking Machine

Do you know who Invented the "others"?

Only Talking Machine made in Canada and sold with a 5-year guarantee

Beware of the fakirs who offer to give you a "Talking Machine" for "nothing"

From the Bank of Montreal to the latest purchaser—we refer you to the business world

Read the Coupon, fill it in, cut it out, and send it to us to-day

Remember the color and the dog

Records are made in Canada, too. List of more than 2,000 sent you on request—all we can afford to give you "free"

If you want to pay in full after 30 days you get spot cash price

A few good words from owners of Gram-o-phones Write them, if you wish

Plays any instrument. Plays the full band. Plays for you to dance to. Plays choral music.

Sings operatic airs by operatic stars. Sings the latest ballad or coon song

Talks, recites, repeats sermons and speeches

Gives a liberal musical education to the children. Entertains and instructs the whole family

FILL IN, CUT OUT AND MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

SEND COUPON TO-DAY

E. BERLINER, 2315-19 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Que.

Enclosed find one dollar in payment on the Standard Berliner Gram-o-phone, type A, complete, with 16-inch japanned concert horn and 3 records. If satisfactory after five days' trial, I agree to pay eight monthly payments of two dollars each. If not satisfactory, I will return the Gram-o-phone, and this order is null and void.

Name.....
Occupation.....P.O. Address.....
Exp. Office.....Prov.....

If you wish a spun brass horn instead of the japanned horn, enclose two dollars extra. Also send free of charge the following three records:.....

W. H. M.